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THE LIGHT OF HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

The Light of Home! I see a boy
With dark eyes full of glee,
How fair the earth before him lies,
His bounding step, how free!
A gentle mother's stay and hope,
A father's joy and pride,
In coming years his manly arm
Their failing steps may guide.
Now to the darling heart of youth
That glowing day dreams come,
A fearless laughter-loving boy—
There is the Light of Home.

A fragile, timid, blue-eyed girl,
Whose every look and tone
Brings sunshine to some drooping heart,
And gladness to her own;
With meek devotion she fulfills
A loving daughter's care,
And lifts above each night and morn
A sister's earnest prayer;
Content in bringing joy to all,
Without a wish to roam—
Ah, happy maiden! where thou art,
There is the Light of Home.

Two baby arms around my neck
In clinging soft embrace,
A velvet cheek and rosy mouth
Laid gently on my face.
Ah, mother-heart! how dear the sound
Of wayward little feet;
Falling upon a loving ear,
The baby tones how sweet;
While shining castles built by Hope
Illumine every care,
Where Love and Peace in union dwell,
The Light of Home is there.

SEVEN GRAVES;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF DUNLEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

ROSE DISCOVERS ANGUS NORTON IN THE FOREST.

PART I.

CHAPTER IX.

DISASTER.

Black Norton advanced, and would have taken Rose's hand, but she eluded him.

"Afraid of me? Why, I am a favorite with fair-haired women, or they are favorites of mine. See, here is gold as yellow as your curls. I will give you a whole handful for a kiss.

Rose dashed down the heavy pitcher and fled like a fawn. Black Norton's sneering laugh pursued her.

The terrified girl fled breathlessly back to the cottage. Fortunately her father had fallen asleep, and did not demand the water. Neither did her violent entrance waken him.

With a fluttering heart Rose bolted and barred the door, and then running up to the little latticed window above the porch, looked towards the wood. As soon as she was satisfied that she was not pursued, her trembling terror subsided, and she burst into tears of relief.

But she had been sadly frightened, and now she dreaded to go ever again to the spring.

Tears were not natural to Rose. She was singing again before nightfall.

Just at sundown there came a knock at the door. She opened it, and there stood little Seth Var, of Dunleath. He reached out to her a tiny bunch of exquisite blue blossoms.

"Where did you get these, Seth?"

"They were sent. They're forget-me-nots. Mr. Angus Norton bade me bring 'em to you."

"Stay a moment, Seth!"

"No, no! I dare not. It's getting dark in the wood!" and without another word the boy ran off, leaving Rose longing to ask who Mr. Angus Norton was, where Seth had seen him, and a hundred other questions, for until now she had not yet discovered that the handsome stranger lived at Dunleath, and was no other than the last descendant of the family hated by all her kith and kin. If she had, she would yet have kissed the flowers, blue as Angus's eyes, and laid them in her bosom.

Rose need not have feared—Black Norton came not that way again. He was busy in other directions.

But Rose had another visitor. Old David Pycott, lying on his bed in the inner room, heard the sound of two voices talking without—heard a man's low laugh, and a man's footsteps.

"Who have ye had here, Rose!" he would ask when she came in to him.

"A visitor," would be her unsatisfactory reply.

"Mind, I'll have no louts speering about ye," menaced the old man.

"He is no lout," replied Rose, curtly—at which her father would grumble, "Willful huzzy!" and fall asleep.

He had been rather a harsh parent, and his violence and injustice had taught Rose many a lesson of rebellion when she was a child. She was her own mistress now, and *his*, she rejoiced to discover. Yet she was faithful and patient with his fits of ill-humor, and never for a moment neglected his comfort. She meant to do right, and she did not think she needed to be scolded.

But scolding would not have conquered her now. She was too sure of her own heart.

"Though father an' mither an' all should go mad,
While I'm, an' I'll come to ye, my lad!"

was Rose's song. With all the strong affection of her nature she loved Angus Norton.

He came daily to the cottage, or to the Wishing Spring, where she met him. By the stone basin she made wreaths of asters and cardinal flowers, laughed at her companion's merry jests, and listened to the stories he told of London, the Alps, and Paris. He was so wise, so beautiful! What wonder that she worshipped him in her heart of hearts!

One night they had appointed to meet as usual at the spring. The day had been sunny and sultry, and just at sundown a sudden storm and whirlwind came up. Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, and a shower of hail fell.

Rose watched from the lattice window in dismay. The wood behind the house roared in the wind. The hail beat like shot upon the gable roof, and threatened to break the diamond panes. Then she rose and wandered restlessly about the little house. Her father scolded as if the storm were all her fault.

Rose did not care for that. Disappointment and a sharp anxiety made her insensible to everything else. Angus must have started for the rendezvous, and the storm would overtake him in the wood.

Every moment the tumult increased. She heard, with an aching heart, the trees of the wood go down with a crash. At each repetition of the sound she wrung her hands and trembled.

At length, as she sat in darkness, lighted only by the lightning's play, she became aware that the tempest was lessening. She lifted her face from her hands, and peered from the dark pane. The thunder rumbled from a distance; the rain and hail had ceased. Unable to longer bear the apprehension which oppressed her, she rose, threw a cloak around her, lighted a lantern, and ran out of the cottage.

She plunged into the dripping wood, passed the spring, and hurried along the slippery path. The trees still stirred restlessly, but there was no other sound. Now and then a vine, torn from its place, would dash in her face, covering her with raindrops, but nothing detained her in her eagerness. Soon she found the path blocked by the fallen trees. Her heart-beats grew thick and fast. A sob broke from her bosom as she held up her lantern and viewed their enormous trunks—which had crushed all before them in their fall.

"Angus! Angus!" she called, in agony.

A bird started from the wet bushes with a sharp cry.

"Angus! Angus!"

There was no response. A sigh went through the waving branches of the oaks—there was a faint roaring among the pines.

Suddenly Rose heard low moans. She followed the sound. Falling on her knees among the drenched brown leaves, she put her groping hand upon Angus Norton's almost pulseless breast. With an inarticulate cry, she bent closer, peering into his white face. Her heart seemed stifling her. But he was moaning, breathing. She put her burning cheek to his.

"Darling—darling," she murmured.

His blue eyes opened. By the lantern's light he looked vaguely into her face for a moment, then seemed to know her.

"Rose, I have got hurt, somehow. The storm, you know. I think a tree struck me."

She could not speak for weeping.

"Don't cry, my pet," he said. "My shoulder is broken, and I am afraid I can't get up alone—but that is all. Can you run to the village and bring a couple of men, with a litter of some kind, to take me home?"

She stayed but for an instant to shower burning kisses upon his brow, and lips, and golden hair—then sprang to her feet, and was away through the dark and dangerous wood for help.

A long and weary hour passed before her return: but at length help arrived—and Angus Norton was borne to Dunleath.

CHAPTER X.

JUDGE GRANDON CROWNINGSHIELD.

The Crowningshield *barouche* glittered along the highway. Theodora, wrapped in an ermined cloak, sat among the purple cushions, the autumn sunlight on her marble-pure face, striking a glint of gold from her dark hair, and glowing among the wine-colored velvet of her surroundings. The Black Hawk horses champed their silver bits, and trotted slowly on their course to the station—the train being due in half an hour.

Miss Crowningshield anticipated her father's return from the city. He had been absent a fortnight. Theodora was very fond of her father—as only daughters are apt to be. Since her mother's death, she had been, in a great measure, his companion, and this had intensified the love between them.

Cato drew rein a short distance from the station building, in the shade of an ancestral oak, which had shaded many a weary wayfarer. Its cooling shade dropped as gratefully on the aristocratic shoulders of Miss Crowningshield—for though there was a chill in the air, the sun's rays were fervid. The well-trained horses stood still as statues. Far down the valley the train whistled.

As Theodora leaned back among the cushions, she caught the glitter of Dunleath's small-paned windows, in the sunshine. Her calm face grew thoughtful.

She had been told that Angus Norton, of Dunleath, had saved her life, but she had not seen him. From the instant her horse had leaped from the bridge, at the explosion of firearms, until she recovered consciousness in her own chamber, she knew nothing. They told her that one Angus Norton had brought her to Ashurst. Her father had said it with a ruffled brow.

"If they young fellow were any one else, I would be a friend to him," she heard him say to the physician, "but—*that set*—one can do nothing, you know, Doctor."

The Doctor assented, and the subject was dropped.

It recurred to Theodora Crowningshield, as she sat in her carriage, watching the distant windows of Dunleath glitter in the sunshine. Why was this young man so disreputable? She tried to recall what she had heard of the inmates of Dunleath, but could remember nothing. Such courses as the Andersons had run, had never been explained to this young lady.

Her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the train.

A gentleman in gray, with a leonine beard and a noble brow, stepped to the platform. He looked about him, took off his hat to his daughter, and came towards the carriage.

"My love, are you quite well?"

"Fully convalescent, papa. But I have missed you so! Are *you* well, papa?"

She nestled down beside him as they drove away. He held her little gloved hand in his.

"All prosperous at home, Dora?"

"Yes. Guy has given Gem her riding lessons since I have not been able. But we have had a disaster."

"What?"

"Snow fell into the fountain basin, yesterday."

He laughed, and kissed her beautiful, upraised face.

"What a *catastrophe!*"

"Papa, your puns are worse than they used to be, and they were always very bad."

Cato began walking his horses up an ascent. The air was amber. Scarlet vines hung among the brown trees. The fields lay steeped in sunshine.

The glittering windows of Dunleath caught Theodora's eye again. Her face grew a little absent while her father was talking.

"If you please papa, I wish you would tell me who lives at the place called Dunleath."

Judge Crowningshield started.

"Why, my dear?"

"I would like to know. I cannot understand what the people have done to be so unpopular."

"No, my daughter," you cannot. You have never heard the names, even, of the crimes they have committed."

"But, papa—"

"My dear Theodora, this is not a pleasant subject for me to continue with you. Let me say, once for all, that the Andersons, father and son, for many generations, have perished in violence and disgrace. It is with reason that people learn their names with horror. They have lived; and, it is to be hoped, will die out, under a social ban. It is my wish that you dismiss the subject from your mind, my child."

"As you dismissed Angus Norton from your gratitude, papa, when he saved my life."

For a moment Judge Crowningshield was too surprised to speak.

"The young man is wealthy, Theodora, I could not offer him money. He is not a gentleman; I could not ask him to dine," he said. "Accident brought us in contact—I acknowledged that he had rendered me a great service. But I could have nothing in common with such a person, my daughter."

Then he regarded Theodora's slightly pensive face in silence.

"I suppose not," she said, at last.

The Judge looked slightly displeased.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD FEUDS.

Rose longed for news of Angus. She was shy of making many open inquiries. She learned, however, at the village market, that he had been badly injured, and lay very ill at Dunleath.

"And what nurse has he there?" asked Rose.

"Granny Var, I suppose," replied the huckster, who was counting Rose's eggs. "One, two, three, four, five dozen. Tho' Granny is well in years, and little able to do much, I should say."

Rose went home, crying. She sobbed aloud as she followed the path through the woods, which Angus Norton had followed that fatal night.

Oh, if she might but see him!

There was a bound at her side. Old Deb seized her by the arm.

"What are ye crying for, Rose Pycott?"

Rose, weary with her weeping, stood passive. Deb shook her fist, and glared furiously.

"Cease, ye young fool! Do ye make moan because the hand of God has saved ye from ruin and disgrace? Is it hell-fire ye are longing for? May it take hold of young Norton, an' burn his bones up!"

Still raving, she dragged Rose forward into the cottage.

"Stay you here now! Ye are not safe out, with your yellow hair curled for the men. I will cut it off, burn it up!"

"You are casting lies on me, Aunt Deb!" blazed up Rose. "I am a modest girl, and you know it."

"How came ye to know where Angus Norton fell in the wood? It was dark and late. Tell me that, now."

Rose was silent.

"He'll never come this way again with his Anderson smile, so debonair. My gay gentleman will go crossed an' bent now, like your ugly Aunt Deb. Ha! ha! you'll like that, eh?"

Rose shuddered.

"Worthless, worthless huzzy! You'll marry your Cousin, Saul, now, and be an honest man's wife."

"I will not marry my Cousin Saul," said Rose, firmly.

"We'll see! How fond she is of the evil already!"

The old woman sat down upon the hearth, and leaning upon her staff, regarded the girl with silent anger.

The old childish rebellion against injustice burdened Rose's young face. Nor would she speak further.

"Who is there? Who is there?" queried old David Pycott, from his bedroom.

"It's me, David," replied Deb, thumping at the door. "It's a nice father ye are to look after ye're girl," she added, turning her wrath upon her bed-ridden brother-in-law. "Who has Rose, here, been meeting in the wood, but the nephew of Alexander Anderson."

The old man started up on his pillow, though he had not turned himself in his bed for months.

"Bid her come to me," he cried.

Rose came slowly and silently into the room.

"Girl, girl!" he said, more in sorrow than anger. "An Anderson come atween your mother an' me. Let not you hold that cup to my lips again. I charge ye, Rose, look to it!"

"Father," sobbed the girl, softened by the solemnity of her parent's manner, so different from his usual querulous tone, "I mean no harm. You don't understand. Mr. Angus Norton loves me true. He says he will make me his wife some day."

"He lies!" shrieked old Deb, pounding her staff on the floor.

"Don't listen to their stories, girl," said old David, mildly. "They're only lures—only lures. There was never an honest man among that race. Stay you at home, my girl, and mind your duty."

"Tell her to marry Saul!" cried Deb.

"Yes, marry your Cousin Saul," said David, falling weakly back upon the pillow.

Rose went to him and kissed him. She lifted his head upon the pillow, and stroked back his gray hair.

"I'll never grieve you, father."

"That's right, my girl! That is right," he murmured.

He put his thin arms around her neck as she bent over him. Old Deb went softly out. Rose kissed her father again. His eyes were closed. His arms hung heavy about her neck. After a moment she started back and looked at his face. Then her cry rang piercingly through the house:

"Aunt Deb! Aunt Deb! Oh, father is dead!"

CHAPTER XII.

HIS.

Things were going badly at Dunleath. Black Norton cursed like a maniac when his son was brought home wounded. He had been drinking deeply, as was his habit of late. But his debauches were made in the solitude of his own chamber, and kept secret. They never interfered with any duties he had abroad.

But alcoholic fires inflamed his rage at the disaster. He cursed everything at home and abroad, above and below. Meanwhile Angus, sore, weak and weary with pain, saw no one but the physician and old Granny Var.

The poor old woman, in spite of her pride as an old retainer, could not comprehend why she found it almost impossible to perform her duties. The house grew to look dirty and neglected, as she pattered about her young master's couch. Black Norton stormed at her because his dinner was not ready. The scullery maid eloped with a travelling peddler. Granny Var was growing blind, and stiff in her joints—in short, getting very old, but she did not realize it.

"How impatient young folks are," she muttered, when Angus, parched with fever, complained that she had been gone an hour for a draught of cold water.

"Am I impatient? I dare say. You must forgive me. I'm very tired of being sick, Granny. Don't patter about me all the time, good soul. If my shoulder would only hold up aching for a moment I believe I could go to sleep. Go and see what my father wants. I hear him stamping about the keeping-room now."

In spite of sleepless nights, and much pain, Granny's patient was generally sweet-tempered, so much like his usual sunny self, that the old woman's heart was bound up in him.

This morning he at length fell asleep, and slept long and heavily. When he awoke Granny was still at his side.

"I believe I'm getting well Granny."

"God grant it!"

Though there was often no dinner, the invalid's teas and jellies were always at hand.

"You'll have a bit of lunch, now, Mr. Angus!"

He ate to please her.

"Whatever will I do with your father?" asked his nurse, after sitting, for a time, in a brown study.

"What troubles you?"

"His goings on, lately. He's that strange, Mr. Angus, that I fear for my life."

"Tell me what he has been doing, Granny."

"It's what I don't know of his doings that troubles me," said Granny, slowly shaking her head. "He was up last night, in his chamber, till morning. And them north rooms—the three on that side of the house, two of them beyond his—he hasn't let Sally nor me go into for weeks. A pretty mess they must be in! An' what is he doing now but barring up all the windows, as if he scented thieves. The merciful Man! I think, sometimes, that Miss Jean's son is crazy?"

She seemed speaking more to herself than to Angus.

"We're a queer race, eh, Granny?"

"Well, they say so! No queerer than many another, though."

For Granny, identified with the Andersons, fiercely resented the sneers against them.

"They're hot-blooded. Even Miss Jean, his mother, was. If a servant didn't please her, she'd fling at him whatever was in her hand—a book, or maybe, a knife. She'd stamp in her passions—and her big black eyes would blaze like lightning. I wondered young Norton dared marry her. But she was handsome—she was handsome as the sun, was Miss Jean! Well, she was married here, and her son was born here, your father, Mr. Angus."

"Go on."

"What more shall I tell you?"

"Tell me how Jean Anderson died. I have heard—"

"You've heard no great harm of her that was true, Mr. Angus."

She was her own worst enemy, poor girl! She committed suicide. She was crazy, they said. 'Twas so, or perhaps 'twas only her high temper that wouldn't let her live with her husband in peace. She stabbed herself one stormy night. The stain of her blood is on the oak floor of her room now. We never could get it off. Poor Jean! Poor girl!"

"And my father. My father was taken away from Dunleath. I have heard him say that he was not brought up here."

"Gervase Norton was an Englishman. He took the child away to England. He had a sister there, but she died. Nothing is known of your father's early life, Mr. Angus. But I've thought that he must have married a good woman, whereby you get your mild ways."

CHAPTER XIII.

EIGHT MILES.

After her father's burial, Rose went with old Deb to her hut in the woods. She had other relatives, the Pycotts were a large clan, but Deb had always assumed a harsh, though honestly kind supervision over the beautiful girl.

Deb was rejoiced at this opportunity of keeping watch over Rose. But Rose resolved that she would see Angus Norton, and she only awaited her opportunity.

Suddenly old Deb fell sick. A severe attack of rheumatism confined her to her bed. In vain she scolded, she could not rise nor help herself.

"Shall I go for a doctor, Aunt Deb?" said Rose.

"Go for a fool! I want no doctors around me. D'ye think I'd lived to be eighty-seven years old if I'd sent for a doctor at every ail? I know better 'n that. Bring me that box of ointment, and steep me some valerian. The herbs hang yonder. Yes, that's it. If I can sleep well, I'll soon come round. An' stir ye not from the hearth, Rose."

Deb soon slept soundly under the influence of the valerian. Rose watched her, listening to her breathing with a rapidly beating heart. At length she closed the door upon her, and came and stood for a moment by the fire. Beelzebub sat there, washing his face.

Rose knew that this was a chance which might not occur again. Under the table stood a basket with an assortment of herbs which Deb carried to the villages about for sale. Securing this, Rose donned Deb's old scarlet cloak, and slipped noiselessly out of the hut.

It was four miles to Dunleath, and she would be obliged to pass through Danesbury. When she was nearly through the wood she picked up a stick for a staff, and began imitating Deb's halting step. She made immense success. A boy, hunting for his cow, cried:—"Seen a black heifer, old Deb?" Rose did not forget to shake her staff at him, as the fierce old woman would have done, if thus addressed.

Succeeding so far in adopting her Aunt Deb's character, Rose ventured to offer her herbs for sale to a barefooted little girl who was coming out of the village. She was a natural mimic, but she surprised herself in imitating old Deb's voice and peculiarities of speech.

"Herbs? D'ye want to buy any herbs?"

"Mother wants some catnip for the baby," replied the child.

"An' where does ye mother live?"

The little girl pointed to a brown house at the edge of the village, and the assumed Deb limped away in the direction of it. Here she sold catnip to a woman with an infant on her arm; and then, not daring to sell more, for fear her aunt should observe the change in her stores, she limped through the village. Her face was hidden by the great hood of the cloak, every tress of her golden hair tucked out of sight. Having satisfied herself that she could borrow old Deb's tone and words, she had no doubt but what she could easily deceive old, half-blind Granny Var of Dunleath.

When she had got through the village, she pushed the hood back from her face and ran swiftly along the lonely road. It was a bright, cool morning. Rose's heart beat high with excitement. Her violet eyes shone like *lapis lazuli*. Her sweet face glowed like a rose.

She hid her beauty under the hood again as she began the ascent of Dunleath. Timour bayed, but he was chained in the rear of the house, and could not reach her. With anxious glances at the rude, old-fashioned surroundings of the place, Rose advanced to the great oaken door.

The old stone house was as silent as death. If Rose had realized that, though broad day, the black-bearded man who had terrified her at the spring, was sleeping soundly in the chamber over that oaken door, she might have fled panic-stricken, though so near her lover. But with a happy impatience at being so close to Angus Norton, she awaited a response to her summons.

As she had expected, Granny Var opened the door.

"Heard you had sickness here. Do ye want any herbs?"

Granny shaded her bleared eyes from the sun with her wrinkled hand.

"Herbs? Herbs? Is this you, Deb Pycott, come to Dunleath?"

"Umph! Thought ye might want some of my herbs for th' sick man—yes. Let me see him, an' I'll tell ye what ye needs."

"Well, you used to be a good doctor, Deb Pycott. When you was Debby Marks you nursed me through a fever, I recollect. Fifty years ago. Yes, come in, if you will come in, a *Pycott*. The young man *is* sick—good deal of fever about him. The pain wears upon him. Though he's better than he has been. I'll give you a look at him, Debby."

Rose followed Granny across the bare oaken floors. There were dimples and smiles under the old scarlet hood, and yet the girl's pulses thrilled with a slight timidity. Granny opened the door of the apartment where Angus lay.

One arm was tossed above his sunny head, his face, pale and weary, was turned towards the door.

He frowned slightly at sight of the old scarlet cloak.

"Here's an old nurse come to see how you are, Mr. Angus," said Granny.

Rose stood with her back to the light.

"Fever—yes—he's wasted with fever. He wants rest. Take a handful of this and steep it; it will make him sleep," said she.

Granny took the bunch of herbs and pattered out of the room, intent on executing the order before she forgot it, for her memory had a trick of playing her false, occasioning her much trouble.

Suddenly, like a soothing balm, came two soft cool hands upon the sick man's beating temples, tender, fragrant kisses dropped upon his heavy lids and parched lips.

"Darling, I wanted so to see you!"

He knew her, then, in a flash of delight. Her eyes' blue sparkled out of the depths of the old scarlet hood—a tendril tress of her gold hair shimmered in the light.

"Rose, my little Rose!" he whispered.

"Hush! she will hear you."

"No, she is deaf, as well as blind. How cool your little hands are? How dared you try such a trick, Rose? I thought it was old Deb; and I'm a little tired of old women. Granny tries every thing that's recommended on me."

"O, I wish I could stay with you, Angus!"

"Perhaps you can come again, darling?"

"Perhaps—but I am afraid not. Hush, here she is."

Granny came pattering back.

"I'll give it to him, faithful, Debby. I declare he looks better already. It's the smell of it, likely. Well, if you are ready to go, I'll show you the way."

One sparkling glance from the covert of the old hood, and with her young shoulders bent under the scarlet cloak, the pretty cheat hobbled out.

Once clear of the village, Rose ran nearly all the way to Deb's hut. She gave herself a moment to breathe at the entrance, then entered as softly as possible; but Deb, awake, and unable to rise, was pounding vigorously upon the floor with her staff.

Rose threw off her cloak and went in to her.

"Bring me some tea: Were you asleep, lazy chit?"

Rose went silently for the tea, her face bright and dimpled. Deb had evidently just awakened. *While she slept Rose had travelled eight miles.*

CHAPTER XIV.

ABDUCTED.

Miss Crowningshield and her little orphan niece, Gem, were walking in the lower part of the garden, on the banks of the river, when one of the house servants came down and handed Theodora a letter, which had arrived by mail. She sat down in one the arbors to read it. The contents were as follows:—

"Miss Crowningshield—I am a poor girl who needs a friend. I am in trouble, and have no one to help me. I do not wish to beg of you—but perhaps you would kindly listen to my story, and give me some advice. If I come into your garden, down by the river, would you come and speak with me? I will come to-night. You'll come for pity's sake, perhaps.

"Alone."

It was impossible that Theodora should disregard such an humble appeal. Though much surprised by the missive, she had not, for an instant, a suspicion of the good faith of the writer."

"'*Alone*.' It must be dreadful to be alone," thought the young lady. "What would Ashurst be to me if it were not for my father, brothers, and Gem! Come, Pet! Let us see who'll get to the great linden first!"

The two had a merry game of romps, and returned to the house.

Just after sunset, Theodora wrapped a plaid about her, and ran down to the river bank again. The dying crimson of the sky was reflected in the water, and little bright waves ran rippling upon the brown bank. There was no person in sight. A little bird cheeped among the reeds, as if in trouble. All else was very still. Theodora waited thoughtfully, now standing still, now pacing the bank, her arms wrapped in her plaid.

"It is yet early," she thought. "The poor girl does not wish to be observed, and will not come while it is light. I must wait."

Pacing back and forth under the trees, she began sweetly singing:

"Oh, the wee green nook, the shy green nook,
Tuo wee, shy nook for me,
Where the wheat is waving bright and brown,
And the wind is fresh and free!
Where the lift above, is still as death,
And bright as life can be,
While the douce low voice says 'Na, na, na,
'But ye manna luik nae at me!'
Oh, the wee green nook, the sly, green nook etc."

She waited half-an-hour, then began to suspect that the girl was not going to keep her appointment. It was getting quite dark. The lindens hung black along the water's edge, shadows hid the garden paths; she could not see a yard from the shore, for it was a starless night. Neither could she see a small boat among the bushes, at the steepest part of the bank, and the peering face watching her.

The wind among the sere trees sounded like the rustling of a woman's dress. She listened, yet no one came. She had decided not to wait longer, when a blanket was suddenly flung over her head, her arms were rudely pinioned, she was lifted from the ground and borne away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A rooster in Indiana catches mice.

☞ "You'll grow up ugly if you make faces."—"Did you make faces when you was a girl, aunty?"

☞ A Wyandotte editor dates his letters "Y & ."—Do you see it?

☞ The prettier the foot and ankle the easier it gets up stares.

☞ The Cincinnati *Commercial* calls G. F. T. a "peripatetic gong."

☞ "What's in a 'dress?" says a popular writer.—Sometimes a great deal, and sometimes a precious little.

☞ "I don't think Mr. Dosim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "He's gettin' well too fast."

☞ A garrulous fop, who by his frivolous remarks had annoyed his partner in a ball-room, among other empty things asked whether she had ever had her ears pierced. "No," was the reply; but I've often had them bored."

☞ A Maine sexton has officiated at twelve hundred funerals and dug one thousand graves.

☞ A little Danbury girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, said, "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother retreated.

☞ Gas-trick juice—The trick by which the gas companies are playing the 'jeuce' with their customers' eyesight.

☞ "What should you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationery."

☞ The sharp young boarder in this city who astonished his landlady a few days ago with the question, "What is the difference between a mess o' sausages and saucy messages?" was himself astonished at the answer, "The first I give you, the last you give me."

☞ A cockney resident of New York city wants to know why New York should be called the Hempire State, seeing that it is so 'ard to get a criminal 'anged there.

☞ A Decatur, Illinois, dentist expresses his gratitude for the birth of his little girl by offering to pull teeth for the poor gratis for one month.

☞ A great many engagements were announced in fashionable circles on the first day of the year.

☞ A little girl in Naples, Me., says the Bridgeton News, who was impatiently waiting the tardy movements of her mother a few Sabbath mornings since, thus aptly expressed herself: "Come, mamma, the bell's a-tollin' and Dod's a-waitin'."

☞ There are two things that a man seldom forgets—his first love and his first smoke.

☞ How to consume time—eat dates.

☞ A Chinese woman in Nevada recently poisoned herself for love of a "Melican."

☞ A young lady in Boston recently claimed the reduction made to ministers by the vendors of sewing machines, because, as she blushingly hinted, she was engaged to a theological student.

☞ "Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day." "Well, mother, should I stand any better chance of getting it then, if I should eat it now?"

☞ Massachusetts tobacco chewers don't appear to enjoy many privileges. A Taunton man was fined six dollars for spitting on a church carpet.

☞ "It is not generally the young lady who takes the lead in an elopement," says the Evening Post; "but when she does, the runaway is pretty sure to prove a success."

☞ On a post mortem examination of the body of a young clerk in New York, who was driven to commit suicide by a persistent and incorrigible pain in the head, it was found that several sharp needle-like growths of bone had been forcing their way from the inside of the skull into the unfortunate young man's brain, and it is probable they were the cause of the headache.

☞ One cannot blame the women, after all, and the only wonder is that more of them are not howling for their rights. The other day a Louisville man met with an accident which was headed, "Terrible Accident—A Man Shoots off Part of his Jaw." On the same day a lady fell down in Brooklyn and broke her jaw, so that she may never speak again, and yet the accident was put under the head of "More Good Luck for Smith—His Wife Breaks her Jaw."

☞ A Madrid official is simply named Don Juan Nepomceno de Burionagonatotorecagagezcoecha. He has no middle name or other initials.

☞ One brand of Cincinnati whisky is warranted to contain 387 fights to the barrel.

☞ In reporting the death of a noted cow, a Kansas paper says: "The stones that have been thrown at her would make five miles of turnpike."

☞ A bevy of Schenectady girls have agreed to let their waists expand, and as a consequence corsets are slow of sale. They discard hoop skirts also, and dress so as to display much ankle—all of which is sensible.

☞ The last remark made by a man while separating under the influence of nitro-glycerine was: "Let me collect myself."

☞ This year is Leap year, when the girls will take the boys out sleighing—pay all the bills, etc.

☞ A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of his papers, says: "For the effects of intemperance see our inside."

☞ It is said that if you take two letters from money, there will be but one left. We have heard of a man who took money from letters and there wasn't any left.

☞ The editor of the Athol Transcript is affected by the weather. He says: "The devil of this office has a soul. On this account we don't care to compel him to steal wood. Will several of our subscribers take the hint?"

☞ A Kansas paper chronicles a not uncommon ceremony in that state as follows: Mr. ——, of Missouri, got to owning horses that did not belong to him, and the next thing he knew he couldn't get his feet down to the ground.

☞ An old farmer in New Hampshire recently killed a pig, and being asked how much it weighed, replied that it did not weigh so much as he expected, and he did not expect it would.

☞ Here is an instance of the early growth of ideas of propriety in the youthful mind: "A gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently lost his wife, and a correspondent states that a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, "won't he?" "Oh! yes, was the reply; "but not until after the funeral."

How One Woman Kept Her Husband

Why my sister married John Gray, I never could understand. I was twenty-two and she was eighteen when the marriage took place. They had known each other just one year. He had been passionately in love with her from the first day of their meeting. She had come more slowly to loving him; but love him she did, with a love of such depth and fervor as are rarely seen. He was her equal in nothing except position and wealth. He had a singular mixture of the faults of opposite temperaments. He had the reticent, dreamy, procrastinating inertia of the bilious melancholic man, side by side with the impressionable sensuousness, the sensitive sentimentalism of the most sanguine-nervous type. There is great fascination in such a combination, especially to persons of a keen, alert nature. My sister was earnest, wise, resolute. John Gray was nonchalant, shrewd, vacillating. My sister was exact, methodical, ready. John Gray was careless, spasmodic, dilatory. My sister had affectionateness. He had tenderness. She was religious of soul; he had a sort of transcendental perceptivity, so to speak, which kept him more alive to the comforts of religion than to its obligations.

My sister would have gone to the stake rather than tell a lie. He would tell a lie unhesitatingly, rather than give anybody pain. My sister lived earnestly, fully, actively, in each moment of the present. It never seemed quite clear whether he were thinking of to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow. She was upright because she could not help it. He was upright,—when he *was* upright,—because of custom, taste, and the fitness of things. What fatal discrepancies! what hopeless lack of real moral strength, enduring purpose, or purpose, or principle in such a nature as John Gray's! When I said these things to my sister, she answered always, with a quiet smile, "I love him." She neither admitted nor denied my accusations of his character. The strongest expression she ever used, the one which came nearest to being an indignant repelling of what I had said, was one day, when I exclaimed:

"Ellen, I would die before I risked *my* happiness in the keeping of such a man."

"My happiness is already in his keeping," said she in a steady voice, "and I believe his is mine. He is to be *my* husband, and not yours, dear; you do not know him as I do. You do not understand him."

But it is not to give analysis of her character or of his, nor to give a narrative of their family history, that I write this story. It is only one episode of their life that I shall try to reproduce here, and I do it because I believe that its lesson is of priceless worth to women.

Ellen had been married fourteen years, and was the mother of five children, when the events which I am about to narrate took place. The years had gone peacefully and pleasantly in the main. The children, three girls and one boy, were fair and strong. Their life had been a very quiet one, for our village was far removed from excitements of all kinds. It was one of the suburban villages of ——, and most of the families living there were the families of merchants or lawyers doing business in the town, going in early in the morning, and returning late at night. There is usually a singular lack of social intercourse in such communities; whether it be that the daily departure and return of the head of the family keeps up a perpetual succession of small crises of interest to the exclusion of others, or that the night finds all the fathers and brothers too tired to enjoy anything but slippers and cigars, I know not; but certain it is that all such suburban villages are unspeakably dull and lifeless. There is barely feeling enough of good neighborhood to keep up the ordinary interchange of commonest civilities.

Except for long visits to the city in the winter, and long journeys in the summer, I myself should have found life insupportably tedious. But Ellen was absolutely content. Her days were unvaryingly alike, a simple routine of motherly duties and housekeeping cares. Her evenings were equally unvaried, being usually spent in sewing or reading, while her husband, in seven evenings out of ten, dozed, either on the sofa, or on one of the children's little beds in the nursery. His exquisite tenderness to the children, and his quiet delight in simply being where they were, were the brightest points in John Gray's character and life.

But such monotony was not wholly good for either of them. He grew more and more dreamy and inert. She insensibly but continually narrowed and hardened, and, without dreaming of such a thing, really came to be less and less a part of her husband's inner life. Faithful, busy, absorbed herself in the cares of each day, she never observed that he was living more and more in his children and his reveries, and withdrawing a little from her. She did not need constant play and interchange of sentiment as he did. Affectionate, loyal, devoted as she was, there was a side of her husband's nature which she had not seen or satisfied—perhaps never could. But neither of them knew it.

At this time Mr. Gray was offered a position of importance in the city, and it became necessary for them to move there to live. How I rejoiced in the change. How bitterly I regretted it before two years had passed!

Their city home was a beautiful one, and their connections and associations were such as to surround them at once with the most desirable companionships. At first it was hard for Ellen to readjust her system of living and to accustom herself to the demands and the pleasures of even a moderately social life. But she was by nature very fond of all such pleasures, and her house soon became one of the pleasantest centres, in a quiet way, of the comparatively quiet city. John Gray also expanded and brightened in the new atmosphere; he had always been a man of influence among men. All his friends,—even his acquaintances,—loved him, and asked his advice. It was a singular thing that a man so inert and procrastinating in his own affairs, should be so shrewd and practical and influential in the affairs of others, or in public affairs. This, however, was no stranger than many other puzzling incongruities in John Gray's character. But since his college days he had never mingled at all in general society until this winter, after their removal to town; and it was with real delight that I watched his evident enjoyment of people, and their evident liking and admiration for him. His manners were singularly simple and direct; his face, which was not wholly pleasing in repose, was superbly handsome when animated in conversation; its inscrutable reticence which baffled the keenest observation when he was silent, all disappeared and melted in the glow of cordial good-fellowship which lit up every feature when he talked. I grew very proud of my brother as I watched him in his new sphere and surroundings; and I also enjoyed most keenly seeing Ellen in a wider and more appreciative circle. I spent a large part of the first winter in their house, and shared all their social pleasures, and looked forward to ever increasing delight, as my nieces should grow old enough to enter into society.

Early in the spring I went to England and passed the entire summer with relatives; I heard from my sister every week; her letters were always cheerful and natural, and I returned to her in the autumn, full of anticipations of another gay and pleasant winter.

They met me at the wharf in New York, and I remembered afterwards, though in the excitement of the moment I gave it no second thought, that when John Gray's eyes first met mine, there was in them a singular and indefinable expression, which roused in me an instantaneous consciousness of distrust and antagonism. He had never liked me thoroughly. He had always had an undercurrent of fear of me. He knew I thought him weak: he felt that I had never put full confidence in him. That I really and truly loved him was small offset for these facts. Would it not be so to all of us?

This part of my story is best told in few words. I had not been at home one week before I found that rumor had been for some months coupling John Gray's name with the name of Mrs. Emma Long, a widow who had but just returned to ——, after twelve years of married life in Cuba. John had known her in her girlhood, but there had never been any intimacy or even friendship between them. My sister, however, had known her well, had corresponded with her during all her life at the South, and had invited her to her house immediately upon her return to ——. Emma Long was a singularly fascinating woman. Plain and sharp and self-asserting at twenty-two, she had become magnetic and winning, full of tact, and almost beautiful at thirty-five. We see such surprising developments continually: it seems as if nature did her best to give every woman one period of triumph and conquest; perhaps only they know its full sweetness to whom it comes late. In early youth it is accepted unthinkingly, as the sunshine,—enjoyed without deliberation or full realization, and only weighed at its fullness when it is over. But a woman who begins at thirty to feel for the first time what it is to have real power over men, must be more or less than woman not to find the knowledge and the consciousness dangerously sweet.

I never knew—I do not know to-day, whether Emma Long could be justly called a coquette. That she keenly enjoyed the admiration of men, there was no doubt. Whether she ever were conscious of even a possible harm to them from their relation with her, there was always doubt, even in the minds of her bitterest enemies. I myself have never doubted that in the affair between her and John Gray she was the one who suffered most; she was the one who had a true, deep sentiment, and not only never meant a wrong, but would have shrunk, for his sake, if not for her own, from the dangers which she did not foresee, but which were inevitable in their intimacy. I think that her whole life afterward proved this. I think that even my sister believed it.

Mrs. Long had spent six weeks in my sister's house, and had then established herself in a very beautiful furnished house on the same street. Almost every day Mrs. Long's carriage was at my sister's door, to take my sister or the children to drive. Almost every evening Mrs. Long came, with the easy familiarity of an habituated guest in the house, to sit in my sister's parlor, or seat, with the easy familiarity of an old friend, for my sister and her husband to come to her, or to go with her to the theatre, or to the opera.

What could be more natural?—what could be more delightful, had the relation been one which centered around my sister, instead of around my sister's husband? What could be done, what offence could be taken, what obstacle interposed, so long as the relation appeared to be one which included the whole family?

Yet no human being could see John Gray five minutes in Emma Long's presence without observing that his eyes, his words, his consciousness were hers. And no one could observe her in his presence without seeing that she was kindled, stimulated, positively lit by it, as she was in no other companionship.

All this the city had been seeing and gossiping over for four months. All this, with a weary detail, was poured into my ears by kind friends.

My sister said no word. For the first time in my life there was a barrier between us I dared not pass. Her every allusion to Mrs. Long, was in the kindest and most unembarrassed manner. She fell heartily and graciously into every plan which brought them together: she not only did this, she also fully reciprocated all entertainments and invitations; it was as often by Ellen's arrangement as by Mrs. Long's, that an evening or a day was spent by the two families together. Her manner to Mrs. Long was absolutely unaltered. Her manner to John was absolutely unaltered. When, during an entire evening, he sat almost motionless, and often quite speechless, listening to Mrs. Long's conversation with others, Ellen's face never changed. She could not have seemed more unconscious if she had been blind. There were many bonds of sympathy between John Gray and Emma Long, which had never existed between him and his wife. They were both passionately fond of art, and had culture in that direction. Ellen's taste was undeveloped, and her instinctive likings those of a child. But she listened with apparent satisfaction and pleasure, to long hours of converse between them, about statues, pictures, principles of art, etc., of which she was as unable to speak as one of her own babies would have been. Mrs. Long, also, was a woman who understood affairs; and one of her great charms, to men of mind, was the clear, logical, and yet picturesque and piquant way in which she talked of men and events. Ellen listened, and laughed as heartily as any member of the circle at her repartee, her brilliant characterization, her off-hand description.

To John Gray, all this was a new revelation. He had never known this sort of a woman. That a woman could be clever as men are clever, and also be graceful, adorned, and tender with womanliness, he had not supposed.

Ah, poor Emma Long! not all my loyalty to my sister ever quite stilled in my heart the question whether there were not in Mrs. Long's nature something which John Gray really need—something which Ellen, affectionate, wise, upright, womanly woman as she was, could never give to any man.

The winter wore on. Idle and malicious tongues grew busier and busier. Nothing except the constant presence of my sister wherever Mrs. Long and her husband were seen together, prevented the scandal from taking the most offensive shape. But Ellen was so wise, so unremitting in her wisdom, that not even the most malignant gossip-monger could point to anything which looked like a clandestine intercourse between the two.

In fact, they met so constantly, either in Mrs. Long's house, or my sister's, that there was small opportunity for them to meet elsewhere. I alone knew, that on many occasions, when Mrs. long was spending the evening at our house, Ellen availed herself of one excuse and another, to leave them alone for a great part of the time. But she did this so naturally, that is, with such perfect art, that not until long afterward did I know that it had been intentional.

This was one great reason of my silence during all these months. In her apparent ignorance and unsuspiciousness of the whole thing, she seemed so gay, so happy, so sweet and loving, how could I give her a pain? And if she did not see it now, she might never see it. It could never surely become any more apparent. No man could give, so far as simple manner was concerned, more unmistakable proofs of being absorbed in passionate love for a woman, than John Gray gave in Emma Long's presence. I began to do Ellen injustice in my thoughts. I said, "After all, she has not much heart; no woman who loved a man passionately, could look on unmoved and see him so absorbed in another."

How little I knew! Towards spring, Ellen suddenly began to look very ill. She lost color and strength, and a slight cough which she had had all winter, became very severe. Her husband was alarmed. We all were distressed. Our old family physician, Dr. Willis, changed color when he felt Ellen's pulse, and said involuntarily:

"My dear child, how long have you had such fever as this?"

Ellen changed color, too, under his steady look, and replied:

"I think, doctor, I have had a little fever for some time. I have not felt really well since the autumn, and I have been meaning for some time to have a long consultation with you. But we will not have it now," she added, playfully. "I have a great deal to tell you which these good people are not to hear. We will talk it over some other time," and she looked at him so meaningly that he understood that the subject must be dropped.

That night she told me that she wished me to propose to John to go over with me and spend the evening at Mrs. Long's: that she had sent for Dr. Willis, and she wished to have a long talk with him without John's knowing it.

"Dear," said I, hastily, "I will not go to Mrs. Long's with John. I *hate* Mrs. Long."

"Why, Sally, what do you mean! I never heard you so unjust. Emma is one of the very sweetest women I ever saw in my life. How can you say such a thing! Everybody loves and admires her. Don't go if you feel so. I never dreamed that you disliked her. But I thought John would be less likely to suspect me of any desire to have him away, if you proposed going there; and I *must* have him out of the house. I cannot talk with the doctor if he is under the roof." She said these last words with an excited emphasis, so unlike her usual manner, that it frightened me. But I thought only of her physical state; I feared that she suspected the existence of some terrible disease.

I went with John to Mrs. Long's, almost immediately after tea. He accepted the proposal with unconcealed delight; and I wondered if Ellen observed the very nonchalant way in which he replied, when she said she did not feel well enough to go. He already liked better to see Mrs. Long without his wife's presence, cordial and unembarrassed as her manner always was. His secret consciousness was always disturbed by it.

When we reached Mrs. Long's house, we learned that she had gone out to dinner. John's face became black with the sudden disappointment, and, quite forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Why, what does that mean? She did not tell me she was going."

The servant stared, but made no reply. I was confused and indignant; but John went on: "We will come in and wait. I am sure it is some very informal dinner, and Mrs. Long will soon be at home."

I made no remonstrance, knowing that it might annoy and disturb Ellen to have us return. John threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, and looked moodily into the coals, making no attempt at conversation. I took up a book. Very soon John rose, sauntered abstractedly about the room, took up Mrs. Long's work-basket, and examined every article in it, and at last sat down before her little writing-desk, which stood open. Presently I saw that he was writing. More than an hour passed. I pretended to read; but I watched my brother-in-law's face. I could not mistake its language. Suddenly there came a low cry of delight from the door—

"Why, John!"

Mrs. Long had entered the house by a side-door, and having met no servant before reaching the drawing-room, was unprepared for finding any one there. From the door she could see John, but could not see me, except in the long mirror, to which she did not raise her eyes, but in which I saw her swift movement, her outstretched hands, her look of unspeakable gladness. In less than a second she had seen me, and with no perceptible change of manner, had come rapidly towards me, holding out her left hand familiarly to him as she passed him. Emma Long was not a hypocrite, but she had an almost superhuman power of acting. It was all lost upon me, however, on that occasion. I observed the quick motion with which John thrust, into a compartment of the desk, the sheet on which he had been writing; I observed the clasp of their hands, as she glided by him; I observed her face; I observed his; and I knew, as I had never fully known before, how intensely they loved each other.

My resolution was taken. Cost what it might, come what might, I would speak, fully and frankly, to my sister the next day. I would not longer stand by and see this thing go on. At that moment I hated both John Gray and Emma Long. No possible pain to Ellen seemed to me to weigh for a moment against my impulse to part them.

I could not talk. I availed myself of the freedom warranted by the intimacy between the families, and continued to seem absorbed in my book. But I lost no word, no look, which passed between the two who sat opposite me. I never saw Emma Long look so nearly beautiful as she did that night. She wore a black velvet dress, with fine white lace ruffles at the throat and wrists. Her hair was fair, and her complexion of that soft pale tint, with a slight undertone of brown in it, which is at once fair and warm, and which can kindle in moments of excitement into a brilliance far outshining any brunette skin. She talked rapidly with much gesture. She was giving John an account of the stupidity of the people with whom she had been dining. Her imitative faculty amounted almost to genius. No smallest peculiarity of manner or speech ever escaped her, and she could become a dozen different persons in a minute. John laughed as he listened, but not so heartily as he was wont to laugh at her humorous sayings. He had been too deeply stirred in the long interval of solitude before she returned. His cheeks were flushed and his voice unsteady. She soon felt the effect of his manner, and her gayety died away; before long they were sitting in silence, each looking at the fire. I knew I ought to make the proposition to go home, but I seemed under a spell; I was conscious of a morbid desire to watch and wait. At length Mrs. Long rose, saying:

"If it will not disturb Sally's reading, I will play for you a lovely little thing I learned yesterday."

"Oh no," said I. "But we must go as soon as I finish this chapter."

She passed into the music-room and looked back for John to follow her; but he threw himself at full length on the sofa, and said:

"No, I will listen here."

My quickened instinct saw that he dared not go; also that he had laid his cheek in an abandonment of ecstasy on the arm of the sofa on which her hand had been resting. Even in that moment I had a sharp pang of pity for him, and the same old misgiving of question, whether my good and sweet and almost faultless Ellen *could* be loved just in the same way in which Emma Long would be!

As soon as she had finished the nocturne—a sad, low, sweet strain, she came back to the parlor. Not even for the pleasure of giving John the delight of the music he loved would she stay where she could not see his face.

But I had already put down my book, and was ready to go. Our good-nights were short and more formal than usual. All three were conscious of an undefined constraint in the air. Mrs. Long glanced up uneasily in John's face as we left the room. Her eyes were unutterably tender and childlike when a look of grieved perplexity shadowed them. Again my heart ached for her and for him. This was no idle caprice, no mere entanglement of senses between two unemployed and unprincipled hearts. It was a subtle harmony, organic, spiritual, intellectual, between two susceptible and intense natures. The bond was as natural and inevitable as any other fact of nature. And in this very fact lay the terrible danger.

We walked home in silence. A few steps from our house we met Dr. Willis walking very rapidly. He did not recognize us at first. When he did, he half stopped as if about to speak, then suddenly changed his mind, and merely bowing, passed on. A bright light was burning in Ellen's room.

"Why, Ellen has not gone to bed!" exclaimed John.

"Perhaps some one called," said I, guiltily.

"Oh, I dare say," replied he; "perhaps the doctor has been there. But it is half-past twelve," added he, pulling out his watch as we entered the hall. "He could not have stayed until this time."

I went to my own room immediately. In a few moments I heard John come up, say a few words to Ellen, and then go down stairs, calling back, as he left her room:

"Don't keep awake for me, wife, I have a huge batch of letters to answer. I shall not get through before three o'clock."

I crept noiselessly to Ellen's room. It was dark. She had extinguished the gas as soon as she had heard us enter the house! I knew by the first sound of her voice that she had been weeping violently and long. I said:

"Ellen, I *must* come in and have a talk with you."

"Not to-night, dear. To-morrow I will talk over everything. All is settled. Good-night. Don't urge me to-night, Sally. I can't bear any more."

It is strange—it is marvelous what power there is in words to mean more than words. I knew as soon as Ellen had said, "Not to-night, dear," that she divined all I wanted to say, that she knew all I knew, and that the final moment, the crisis, had come. Whatever she might have to tell me in the morning, I should not be surprised. I did not sleep. All night I tossed wearily, trying to conjecture what Ellen would do, trying to imagine what I should do in her place.

At breakfast Ellen seemed better than she had seemed for weeks. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink; but there was an ineffable, almost solemn tenderness in her manner to John, which was pathetic. Again the suspicion crossed my mind that she knew that she must die. He too was disturbed by it; he looked at her constantly with a lingering gaze as if trying to read her face; and when he bade us good-by to go to the office, he kissed her over and over as I had not seen him kiss her for months. The tears came into her eyes, and she threw both arms around his neck for a second—a very rare thing for her to do in the presence of others.

"Why, wife," he said, "you musn't make it too hard for a fellow to get off! Doesn't she look well this morning, Sally?" turning to me. "I was thinking last night that I must take her to the mountains as soon as it was warm enough. But such cheeks as these don't need it." And he took her face in his two hands with a caress full of tenderness, and sprang down the steps.

Just at this moment Mrs. Long's carriage came driving swiftly around the corner, and the driver stopped suddenly at sight of John.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray!" called Emma, "I was just coming to take Ellen and the children for a turn, and we can leave you at the office on our way."

"Thank you," said John, "but there are several persons I must see before going to the office, and it would detain you too long. I am already much too late," and without a second look he hurried on.

I saw a slight color rise in Mrs. Long's cheek, but no observer less jealous than I would have detected it; and there was not a shade less warmth than usual in her manner to Ellen.

Ellen told her that she could not go herself, but she would be very glad to have some of the children go; and then she stood for some moments, leaning on the carriage-door and talking most animatedly. I looked from one woman to the other. Ellen at that moment was far more beautiful than Mrs. Long. The strong, serene, upright look which was her most distinguishing and characteristic expression, actually shone on her face. I wished that John Gray had stopped to see the two faces side by side. Emma Long might be the woman to stir and thrill and entrance the soul; to give stimulus to the intellectual nature; to rouse passionate tenderness of emotion; but Ellen was the woman on whose steadfastness he could rest—in the light of whose sweet integrity and transparent truthfulness he was a far safer, and would be a far stronger man than with any other woman in the world.

As the carriage drove away with all four of the little girls laughing and shouting and clinging around Mrs. Long, a strange pang seized me. I looked at Ellen. She stood watching them with a smile which had something heavenly in it. Turning suddenly to me, she said: "Sally, if I were dying, it would make me very happy to know that Emma Long would be the mother of my children."

I was about to reply with a passionate ejaculation, but she interrupted me.

"Hush, dear, hush. I am not going to die—I have no fear of any such thing. Come to my room now, and I will tell you all."

She locked the door, stood for a moment looking at me very earnestly, then folded me in her arms and kissed me many times; then she made me sit in a large arm-chair, and drawing up a low foot-stool, sat down at my feet, rested both arms on my lap, and began to speak. I shall try to tell in her own words what she said.

"Sally, I want to tell you in the beginning how I thank you for your silence. All winter I have known that you were seeing all I saw, feeling all I felt, and keeping silent for my sake. I never can tell you how much I thank you; it was the one thing which supported me. It was an unspeakable comfort to know that you sympathized with me at every point; but to have had the sympathy expressed even by a look would have made it impossible for me to bear up. As long as I live, darling, I shall be grateful to you. And, moreover, it makes it possible for me to trust you unreservedly now. I had always done you some injustice, Sally. I did not think you had so much self-control."

Here she hesitated an instant. It was not easy for her to mention John's name; but it was only for a second that she hesitated. With an impetuous eagerness unlike herself, she went on.

"Sally, you must not blame John. He has struggled as constantly and nobly as a man ever struggled. Neither must you blame Emma. They have neither of them done wrong. I have watched them both hour by hour. I know my husband's nature so thoroughly that I know his very thoughts almost as soon as he knows them himself. I know his emotions *before* he knows them himself. I saw the first moment in which his eyes rested on Emma's face as they used to rest on mine. From that day to this I have known every phase, every step, every change of his feeling towards her; and I tell you, Sally, that I pity John from the bottom of my heart. I understand it all far better than you can, far better than he does. He loves her at once far more and far less than you believe, and he loves *me* far, far more than you believe! You will say, in the absolute idealization of your inexperienced heart, that it is impossible for a man to love two women at once. I *know* that it is not, and I wish I could make you believe it, for without believing it you cannot be just to John. He loves me to-day, in spite of all this, with a sort of clinging tenderness born of this very struggle. He would far *rather* love me with *all* his nature if he could, but

just now he *cannot*. I see very clearly where Emma gives him what he needs, and has never had in me. I have learned many things from Emma Long this winter. I can never be like her. But I need not have been so unlike her as I was. She has armed me with weapons when she least suspected it. But she is not after all on the whole, so nearly what John needs as I am. If I really believed that he would be a better man, or even a happier one with her as his wife, I should have but one desire, and that would be to die. But I know that it is not so. It is in my power to do for him, and to be to to him, what she never could. I do not wonder that you look pityingly and incredulously. You will see. But in order to do this, I must leave him."

I sprang to my feet.

"Leave him! Are you mad?"

"No, dear, not at all; very sane and very determined. I have been for six months coming to this resolve. I began to think of it in a very few hours after I first saw him look at Emma as if he loved her. I have thought of it day and night since, and I know I am right. If I stay, I shall lose his love. If I go, I shall keep it, regain it, compel it." She spoke here more hurriedly. "I have borne now all I can bear without betraying my pain to him. I *am* jealous of Emma. It almost kills me to see him look at her, speak to her."

"My poor, poor darling!" I exclaimed; "and I have been thinking you did not feel it!"

She smiled sadly, and tossed back the sleeve of her wrapper so as to show her arm to the shoulder. I started. It was almost emaciated. I had again and again in the course of the winter asked her why she did not wear her usual style of evening dress, and she had replied that it was on account of her cough.

"It is well that my face does not show loss of flesh as quickly as the rest of my body does," she said, quietly. "I have lost thirty-five pounds of flesh in four months, and nobody has observed it! Yes, dear," she went on, "I *have* felt it. More than that, I have felt it increasingly every hour, and I can bear no more. Up to this time I have never, by look or tone, shown John that I knew it. He wonders every hour what it means that I do not. I have never by so much as the slightest act watched him. I have seen notes in Emma's handwriting lying on his desk, and I have left the house lest I might be tempted to read them! I know that he has as yet done no clandestine thing, but at any moment I should have led them both into it by showing one symptom of jealousy. And I should have roused in his heart a feeling of irritation and impatience with me, which would have done in one hour more to intensify his love for her, and to change its nature from a pure, involuntary sentiment into an acknowledged and guilty one, than years and years of free intercourse could do. But I have reached the limit of my physical endurance. My nerves are giving away. I am really very ill, but nothing is out of order in my body aside from the effects of this anguish. A month more of this would make me a hopelessly broken-down woman. A month's absence from the sight of it will almost make me well."

I could not refrain from interrupting her.

"Ellen, you are mad! you are mad! You mean to go away and leave him to see her constantly alone, unrestrained by your presence? It has almost killed you to see it. How can you bear imagining it, knowing it?"

"Better than I can bear *seeing* it, far better. Because I have still undiminished confidence in the real lastingness of the bond between John and me. Emma Long would have been no doubt a *good*, a very good wife for him. But I *am* his wife, and I am the mother of his children—and just so surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, he will return to me and to them. All wrong things are like diseases, self-limited. It *is* wrong for a man to love any woman better than he loves his wife; I don't deny that, dear," she said, half smiling through her tears at my indignant face; "but a man may *seem* to do it when he is really very far from it. He may really do it for days, for months—for years, perhaps; but if he be a true man, and his wife a true wife, he will return. John is a true husband, and a still truer father. John is mine, and I am his; and I shall live to remind you of all these things, Sally, after time has proved them true."

I was almost dumb with surprise. I was astounded. To me it seemed that her plan was simply suicidal. I told her in the strongest words I could use of the scene of the night before.

"I could tell you of still more trying scenes than that, Sally. I know far more than you. But if I knew ten times as much, I should still believe that my plan is the only one. Of course I may fail. It is all in God's hands. We none of us know how much discipline we need. But I know one thing: if I do not regain John in this way, I cannot in any. If I stay I shall annoy, vex, disturb, torture him! Once the barriers of my silence and concealment are broken down, I shall do just what all other jealous women have done since the world began. There are no torments on earth like those which a jealous woman inflicts, except those which she bears! I will die sooner than inflict them on John. Even if the result proves me mistaken, I shall never regret my course, for I know that the worst is certain if I remain. But I have absolute faith" and her face was transfigured with it as she spoke—"John is mine. If I could stay by his side through it all and preserve the same relation with him which I have all winter, all would sooner or later be well. I wish I were strong enough. My heart is, but my body is not, and I must go."

When she told me the details of her plan, I was more astounded than ever. She had taken Dr. Willis into her full confidence. (He had been to us father and physician both ever since our father's death.) He entirely approved of her course. He was to say—which indeed he could conscientiously do—that her health imperatively required an entire change of climate, and that he had advised her to spend at least one year abroad. It had always been one of John's and Ellen's air-castles to take all the children to England and to Germany for some years of study. She proposed to take the youngest four, leaving the eldest girl, who was her father's especial pet and companion, to stay with him. A maiden aunt of ours was to come and keep the house, and I was to stay with the family. This was the hardest of all.

"Ellen, I cannot! Do not—oh, do not trust me. I shall never have strength. I shall betray all some day, and ruin all your hopes."

"You cannot, you dare not, Sally, when I tell you that my life's whole happiness lies in your simple silence. John is unobservant and also unsuspicious. He has never had intimate relations with you. You will have no difficulty. But you *must* be here—because, dear, there is another reason," and here her voice grew very unsteady, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"In spite of all my faith, I do not disguise from myself the possibility of the worst. I cannot believe my husband would ever do a dishonorable thing. I do not believe that Emma Long would. And yet, when I remember what ruin has overtaken many men and women whom we believed upright, I dare not be wholly sure. And I must know that some one is here who would see and understand if a time were approaching at which it would be needful for me to make one last effort with and for my husband face, to face with him. Unless that comes, I do not wish you to allude to the subject in your letters. I think I know just how all things will go. I believe that in one year, or less, all will be well. But if the worst is to come, you with your instincts will foresee it, and I must be told. I should return then at once. I should have power, even at the last moment, to save John from disgrace. But I should lose his love irrecoverably; it is to save *that* that I go."

I could say but few words. I was lifted up and borne out of myself, as it were, by my sister's exaltation of atmosphere. She seemed more like some angel-wife than like a mortal woman. Before I left her room at noon, I believed almost as fully as she did in the wisdom and the success of her plan.

There was no time to be lost. Every day between the announcement of her purpose and the carrying it out, would be a fearful strain on Ellen's nerves. Dr. Willis had a long talk with John in his office while Ellen was talking with me. John came home to dinner looking like a man who had received a mortal blow. Dr. Willis had purposely given him to understand that Ellen's life was in great danger. So it was, but not from the cough! At first John's vehement purpose was to go with them. But she was prepared for this. His business and official relations were such that it was next to impossible for him to do it, and would at best involve a tremendous pecuniary sacrifice. She overruled and remonstrated, and was so firm in her objections to every suggestion of his of accompanying or following her, that finally, in spite of all his anxiety, John seemed almost piqued at her preference for going alone. In every conversation on the subject I saw more and more clearly that Ellen was right. He did love her—love her warmly, devotedly.

Two weeks from the day of my conversation with her they sailed for Liverpool. The summer was to be spent in England, and the winter in Nice or Mentone.

Alice, the eldest daughter, a loving, sunshiny girl of twelve, was installed in her mother's room. This was Ellen's especial wish. She knew that in this way John would be drawn to the room constantly. All her own little belongings were given to Alice.

"Only think, Auntie," said she, "mamma has given me, all for my own, her lovely toilette set, and all the Bohemian glass on the bureau, and her ivory brushes! She says when she comes home she shall refurnish her room and papa's too!"

Oh, my wise Ellen. Could Emma Long have done more subtly!

Early on the first evening after John returned from New York, having seen them off, I missed him. I said bitterly to myself, "At Mrs. Long's, I suppose, and went up-stairs to find Alice. As I drew near her room, I heard his voice reading aloud. I went in. He and Alice were lying together on a broad chintz-covered lounge, as I had so often seen him and Ellen.

"Oh, Auntie, come here," said Alice, "hear mamma's letter to me! She gave it to papa in New York. She says it is like the sealed orders they give to captains sometimes, not to be opened till they are out at sea. It is all about how I am to fill her place to papa. And there are ever so many little notes inside, more orders, which even papa himself is not to see! only I suppose he'll recognize the things when I do them!"

At that moment, as I watched John Gray's face, with Alice's nestled close, and his arms clasped tight around her, while they had Ellen's letter, a great load rolled off my heart. I went through many dark days afterward, but I never could quite despair when I remembered the fatherhood and husbandhood which were in his eyes and his voice that night.

The story of the next twelve months could be told in few words, so far as its external incidents are concerned. It could not be told in a thousand volumes, if I attempted to reproduce the subtle undercurrents of John Gray's life and mine. Each of us was living a double life—he more or less unconsciously; I with such sharpened senses, such overwrought emotions that I only wonder that my health did not give way. I endured vicariously all the suspense and torment of the deepest jealousy, with a sense of more than vicarious responsibility added, which was almost more than human nature could bear. Ellen little knew how heavy would be the burden she laid upon me. Her most express and explicit direction was that the familiar intimacy between our family and Mrs. Long's was to be preserved unaltered. This it would have been impossible for me to do if Mrs. Long had not herself recognized the necessity of it for her own full enjoyment of John's society. But it was a hard thing; my aunt, the ostensible head of our house, was a quiet woman, who had nothing whatever to do with society, and who felt in the outset a great shrinking from the brilliant Mrs. Long. I had never been on intimate terms with her, so that John and Alice were really the only members of the household who could keep up precisely the old relation. And so it gradually came about that in most of our meetings under each other's roofs strangers were asked to fill up the vacant places, and, in spite of all Emma Long's efforts and mine, there was a change in the atmosphere of our intercourse. But there was enough of intimacy to produce the effect for which Ellen was most anxious, *i. e.* to extend the shelter of our recognition to the friendship between John and Emma, and to remove from them both all temptation to anything clandestine or secret. They still saw each other almost daily; they still shared most of each other's interests and pleasures; they still showed most undisguised delight in each other's presence. Again and again I went with them to the opera, to the theatre, and sat through the long hours, watching, with a pain which seemed to me hardly less than Ellen's would have been, their constant sympathy with each other in every point of enjoyment, their constant forgetfulness of every one else.

But there was, all this time, another side to John Gray's life, which I saw and Emma Long did not. By every steamer came packages of the most marvelous letters from Ellen: letters to us all, but for John a diary of every hour of her life. Each night she spent two hours in writing out the record of the day. I have never seen letters which so reproduced the atmosphere of the day, the scene, the heart. They were brilliant and effective in narrative to a degree that utterly astonished me; but they were also ineffably tender and loving, and so subjective in their every word, that it was like seeing Ellen face to face to read them. At first John did not show them even to me; but soon he began to say, "These are too rare to be kept to myself; must just read you this account;" or, "Here is a page I must read," until it at last became his habit to read them aloud in the evenings to the family, and even to more intimate friends who chanced to be with us. He grew proud beyond expression of Ellen's talent for writing; and well he might. No one who listened to them but exclaimed, "There never were such letters before. I think there never were. And I alone knew the secret of them.

But these long, brilliant letters were not all. In every mail came also packages for Alice—secret, mysterious things, which nobody could see, but which proved to be sometimes small notes, to be given to papa at unexpected times and places; sometimes little fancy articles, as a pen-wiper, or a cigar-case, *half* worked by Ellen, to be finished by Alice, and given to papa on some especial day, the significance of which "only mamma knows;" sometimes a pressed flower, which was to be put by papa's plate at breakfast, or put in papa's button-hole, as he went out in the morning. Oh, I was more and more lost in astonishment at the subtle and boundless art of love, which could so contrive to reach across an ocean, and surround a man's daily life with its expression. There were also in every package letters to John from all the children: even the baby's little hand was guided to write by every mail. "Dear papa, I love you just as much as all the rest do!" or, "Dear papa, I want you to toss me up!" More than once I saw tears roll down John's face in spite of him, as he slowly deciphered their illegible little scrawls. The older children's notes were as vivid and loving as their mother's. It was evident that they were having a season of royal delight in their journey, but also evident that their thoughts and their longings were constantly reverting to papa. How much Ellen really indited of these apparently spontaneous letters I do not know: but no doubt their atmosphere was in part created by her. They showed, even more than did her own letters, that papa was still the centre of their life. No sight was seen without the wish—"Oh, if papa were here!" and even little Mary, aged five, was making a collection of pressed leaves for papa from all the places they visited! Louise had already great talent for drawing, and in almost every letter came two or three childish but spirited little pictures, all labeled "Drawn for papa!" "The true picture of our courier in a rage, for papa to see." "The washerwoman's dog, for papa," etc., etc. Again and again I sat by almost trembling with delight, and saw John spend an entire evening in looking over these little missives and reading Ellen's letters. Then again I sat alone and anxious through an entire evening, when I knew he was with Emma Long. But even after such an evening he never failed to sit down and write long pages in his journal-letter to Ellen—a practice which he began of his own accord, afterreceiving the first journal-letter from her.

"Ha! little Alice," he said, "we'll keep a journal, too, for mamma, won't we? She shall not out-do us that way." And so, between Alice's letters and his, the whole record of our family life went every week to Ellen: and I do not believe, so utterly unaware was John Gray of any pain in Ellen's heart about Emma Long, I do not believe that he ever in a single instance omitted to mention when he had been with her, where, and how long.

Emma Long wrote, too, and Ellen wrote to her occasional affectionate notes, but referring her always to John's diary-letters for the details of interest. I used to study Mrs. Long's face while these letters were being read to her. John's animated delight, his enthusiastic pride, must, it seemed to me, have been bitter to her. But I never saw even a shade of such a feeling in her face. There was nothing base or petty in Emma Long's nature, and, strange as it may seem, she did love Ellen. Only once did I ever see a trace of pique or resentment in her manner to John, and then I could not wonder at it. A large package had come from Ellen just after tea one night, and we were all gathered in the library, reading our letters and looking at the photographs—(she always sent unmounted photographs of the place from which she wrote, and, if possible, of the house in which they were living, and the children often wrote above the windows, "*Papa's* and mamma's room, etc., etc.)—hour after hour passed. The hall clock had just struck ten, when the door-bell rang violently. "Good heavens!" exclaimed John, springing up, "that must be Mrs. Long; I totally forgot that had I promised to go with her to Mrs. Willis's party. I said I would be there at nine. Tell her I am up-stairs dressing," and he was gone before the servant had had time to open the door. Mrs. Long came in, with a flushed face and anxious look. "Is Mr. Gray ill?" she said. "He promised to call for me at nine, to go to Mrs. Willis's, and I have been afraid he might be ill."

Before I could reply, the unconscious Alice exclaimed:

"Oh, no; papa isn't ill; he is *so* sorry, but he forgot all about the party till he heard you ring the bell. We were so busy over mamma's letters."

"John will be down in a moment," added I. "He ran up-stairs to dress as soon as you rang."

For one second Emma Long's face was sad to see. Such astonishment, such pain, were in it, my heart ached for her. But then a look of angry resentment succeeded the pain, and merely saying, "I am very sorry: but I really cannot wait for him. It is now almost too late to go," she had left the room and closed the outer door before I could think of any words to say.

I ran up to John's room, and told him through the closed door. He made no reply for a moment, and then said:

"No wonder she is vexed. It was unpardonable rudeness. Tell Robert to run at once for a carriage for me."

In a very few moments he came down dressed for the party, but with no shadow of disturbance on his face. He was still thinking of the letters. He took up his own, and putting it into an inside breast-pocket, said, as he kissed Alice, "Papa will take mamma's letter to the party, if he can't take mamma!"

I shed grateful tears that night before I went to sleep. How I longed to write to Ellen of the incident; but I had resolved not once to disregard her request that the whole subject be a sealed one. And I trusted that Alice would remember to tell it. Well I might! At breakfast Alice said:

"Oh, papa, I told mamma that you carried her to the party in your breast-pocket; that is, you carried her letter!"

I fancied that John's cheek flushed a little as he said:

"You might tell mamma that papa carries her everywhere in his breast-pocket, little girlie, and mamma would understand."

I think from that day I never feared for Ellen's future. I fancied, too, that from that day there was a new light in John Gray's eyes. Perhaps it might have been only the new light in my own; but I think when a man knows that he has once, for one hour, *forgotten* a woman whose presence has been dangerously dear to him, he must be aware of his dawning freedom.

The winter was nearly over. Ellen had said nothing to us about returning.

"Dr. Willis tells me that, from what Ellen writes to him of her health, he thinks it would be safer for her to remain abroad another year," said John to me one morning at breakfast.

"Oh, she never will stay another year!" exclaimed I.

"Not unless I go out to stay with her," said John, very quietly.

"Oh, John, could you?" and, "oh, papa, will you take me?" exclaimed Alice and I in one breath.

"Yes," and "yes," said John, laughing, "and Sally too, if she will go."

He then proceeded to tell me that he had been all winter contemplating this; that he believed they would never again have so good an opportunity to travel in Europe, and that Dr. Willis's hesitancy about Ellen's health had decided the question. He had been planning and deliberating as silently and unsuspectedly as Ellen had done the year before. Never once had it crossed my mind that he desired it, or that it could be. But I found that he had for the last half of the year been arranging his affairs with a view to it, and had entered into new business connections which would make it not only easy, but profitable, for him to remain abroad two years. He urged me to go with them, but I refused. I felt that the father and the mother and the children ought to be absolutely alone in this blessed reunion, and I have never regretted my decision, although the old world is yet an unknown world to me.

John Gray was a reticent and undemonstrative man, in spite of all the tenderness and passionateness in his nature. But when he bade me good-by on the deck of the steamer, as he kissed me he whispered:

"Sally, I shall hold my very breath till I see Ellen. I never knew how I loved her before." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I never saw Emma Long after she knew that John was to go abroad to join Ellen. I found myself suddenly without courage to look in her face. The hurry of my preparations for Alice was ample excuse for my not going to her house, and she did not come to ours. I knew that John spent several evenings with her, and came home late, with a sad and serious face, and that was all. A week before he sailed she joined a large and gay party for San Francisco and the Yosemite. In all the newspaper accounts of the excursion, Mrs. Long was spoken of as the brilliant centre of all festivities. I understood well that this was the first reaction of her proud and sensitive nature under an irremediable pain. She never returned to ——, but established herself in a Southern city, where she lived in great retirement for a year, doing good to all poor and suffering people, and spending the larger part of her fortune in charity. Early in the second year there was an epidemic of yellow-fever; Mrs. Long refused to leave the city, and went fearlessly as the physicians to visit and nurse the worst cases. But after the epidemic had passed by she herself was taken ill, and died suddenly in a hospital ward, surrounded by the very patients whom she had nursed back to health.

Nothing I could say in my own words would give so vivid an idea of the meeting between John Gray and his wife, as the first letter which I received from little Alice:

"DARLING AUNTIE—

"It is too bad you did not come too. The voyage was horrid. Papa was so much sicker than I, that I had to take care of him all the time; but my head ached so that I kept seeing black spots if I stooped over to kiss papa: but papa said I was just like another mamma.

"Oh, Auntie, only think, there was a mistake about the letters, and mamma never got the letter to tell her that we were coming: and she was out on the balcony of the hotel when we got out of the carriage, and first she saw me; and the lady who was with her said she turned first red and then so white the lady thought she was sick; and then the next minute she saw papa, and she just fell right down among all the people, and looked as if she was dead; and the very first thing poor papa and I saw, when we got up stairs, was mamma being carried by two men, and papa and I both thought she was dead; and papa fell right down on his knees, and made the men put mamma down on the floor, and everybody talked out loud, and papa never spoke a word, but just looked at mamma, and nobody knew who papa was till I spoke, and I said,

"'That's my mamma, and papa and I have just come all the way from America,'—and then a gentleman told me to kiss mamma, and I did; and then she opened her eyes; and just as soon as she saw papa, she got a great deal whiter and her head fell back again, and I was so sure she was dying that I began to cry out loud, and I do think there were more than a hundred people all round us; but Louise says there were only ten or twelve; and then the same gentleman that told me to kiss mamma took hold of papa, and made him go away: and they carried mamma into a room, and laid her on a bed, and said we must all go out; but I wouldn't: I got right under the bed, and they didn't see me: and it seemed to me a thousand years before anybody spoke: and at last I heard mamma's voice, just as weak as baby's—but you know nobody could mistake mamma's voice; and said she, 'Where *is* John?—I saw John;' and then the gentleman said, —oh, I forgot to tell you he was a doctor—

"'My dear madam, calm yourself'—and then I cried right out again, and crept out between his legs and almost knocked him down: and said I, 'Don't you try to calm my mamma; it *is* papa—and me, too, mamma!' and then mamma burst out crying, and then the old gentleman ran out, and I guess papa was at the door, for he came right in; and then he put his arms round mamma, and they didn't speak for so long, I thought I should die; and all the people were listening, and going up and down in the halls outside, and I felt so frightened and ashamed, for fear people would think mamma wasn't glad to see us. But papa says that is always the way when people are more glad than they can bear; and the surprise, too, was too much for anybody. But I said at the table that I hoped I should never be so glad myself as long as I lived; and then the old gentleman—he's a very nice old gentleman, and a great friend of mamma's, and wears gold spectacles—he said, 'My dear little girl, I hope you *may* be some day just as glad,' and then he looked at papa and mamma and smiled,—and mamma almost cried again! Oh, altogether it was a horrid time; the worst I ever had; and so different from what papa and I thought it would be.

"But it's all over now, and we're all so happy, we laugh so all the time, that papa says it is disgraceful; that we shall have to go off and hide ourselves somewhere where people can't see us.

"But, Auntie, you don't know how perfectly splendid mamma is. She is the prettiest lady in the hotel, Louise says. She is ever so much fatter than she used to be. And the baby has grown so I did not know her. and her curls are more than half a yard long. Louise and Mary have got their hair cut short like boys, but their gowns are splendid; they say it was such a pity you had any made for me at home. But, oh, dear Auntie, don't think I shall not *always* like the gowns you made for me. Charlie isn't here; he's at some horrid school a great way off; I forget the name of the place. But we are all going there to live for the summer. Mamma said we should keep house in an 'apartment,' and I was perfectly horrified, and I said, 'Mamma, in one room?' and then Louise and Mary laughed till I was quite angry: but mamma says that here an 'apartment' means a set of a good many rooms, quite enough to live in. I don't believe you can have patience to read this long letter; but I haven't told you half; no, not one-half of half. Good-by, you darling auntie. ALICE."

"P. S.—I wish you could just see mamma. It isn't only me that thinks she is so pretty; papa thinks so, too. He just sits and looks, and looks at her, till mamma doesn't quite like it, and asks him to look at baby a little!"

Ellen's first letter was short. Her heart was too full. She said at the end—

"I suppose you will both laugh and cry over Alice's letter. At first I thought of suppressing it. But it gives you such a graphic picture of the whole scene that I shall let it go. It is well that I had the excuse of the surprise for my behavior, but I myself doubt very much if I should have done any better, had I been prepared for their coming.

"God bless and thank you, dear Sally, for this last year as I cannot.

"ELLEN."

These events happened many years ago. My sister and I are now old women. Her life has been from that time to this, one of the sunniest and most unclouded I ever knew.

John Gray is a hale, old man; white-haired and bent, but clear-eyed and vigorous. All the good, and lovable, and pure in his nature have gone on steadily increasing; his love for his wife is still so full of sentiment and romance that the world remarks it.

His grandchildren will read these pages, no doubt, but they will never dream that it could have been their sweet, and placid, and beloved old grandmother who, through such sore straits in her youth, *kept her husband!*—*Scribner's Monthly.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH BOOK. By CHAS. A. LELAND (Hans Breitmann), Author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." Published by T. B Peterson & Bros., Philada. A critic says of this book: "There is not perhaps in the English language a more delightful work than 'Meister Karl's Sketch Book.' Mr. Leland's sketches are as crisp, dewy and refreshing as a tender salad in early summer. One can open the book anywhere and enjoy delicious reading at a moment's notice."

BRIGGS & BROTHERS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, AND SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS. Published by Briggs & Brother, Rochester, N. Y. This catalogue is gotten up in really elegant style. In turning over the pages a profusion of colored plates meet the eye, representing beautiful golden flowers and the most sought after kinds of vegetables. The cover is tastefully designed and is printed in five colors.

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL. A Novel. By MORTIMER COLLINS, Author of "Marquis and Merchant," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BASIC OUTLINE OF UNIVERSOLOGY. An introduction to the newly discovered science of the Universe: its Elementary Principles; and the First Stages of their development in the Special Sciences. Together with Preliminary Notices of *Alwato*, the Newly Discovered Scientific Universal Language, Resulting from the Principles of Universology. By Stephen Pearl Andrews, Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Ethnological Society, etc.; Author of the "Science of Society," "Discoveries in Chinese," etc. Published by Dion Thomas, 141 Fulton street, New York. Price $5.00.

A RENT IN A CLOUD. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, author of "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," "Con Cregan," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly part for January, 1872. This periodical presents us with its usual excellent reading matter. T. B. Maury's paper upon "The Expected Discovery of the Pole" is worth reading. "An Effeminate Puppy," by the Author of "Morton House;" "Fragments of Travel," by F. O. C. Darley;" "The Grave of Poe," etc., are among the contents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES for January. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1872. Published by James Vick, Rochester, New York. A fine photograph of the well known florist to whom we have been so much indebted in all matters pertaining to our garden, catches our eye as we open this charming Catalogue. On the opposite page is a beautiful colored plate illustrating a bunch of choice pansies—and as we look slowly through the book, we find it as usual, crowded with neat engravings and floral information of the most delightful kind.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC for 1872. Published by George W. Childs, Philada. Interesting as usual.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1872. Published by the Tribune Association, New York City.

☞ Some people at a crowded evening party had belles on their toes. It generally hurts them.

☞ An Oregon paper says:—"John B. Peak ran off with a Benton county girl and married her—for which he was prosecuted in the circuit court at Corvallis, last week; but the jury got sight of the pretty wife whom he got by the operation, and unanimously voted that they would have done it too."

☞ We are told that "over two-thirds of the New Haven police force have signed a petition for velvet collars." And they are right. How a policeman can discharge the duties of his office or preserve his self-respect without a velvet collar to his coat, is more than we can conceive.

☞ A lady in New York recently broke off her engagement to a gentleman, because he had shown a letter she had written him to his mother.

☞ A young lady was lately caught up by a gale in Pennsylvania, transported 460 yards, and deposited in an apple-tree.

☞ An editor answered a challenge, "When I want to die, I can shoot myself."

☞ The man whose hair turned white in a single night, is surpassed by the New York girl who lost hers completely off in one dance.

☞ "Suicide in the second degree" is what they call it in Kansas, when a woman hangs herself and the rope breaks.

☞ A new device of a bill collector in New York is to employ a boy to stand before the door of a tardy debtor and hold a large placard labelled "Waiting for ——," the amount due being specified.

☞ The editor of the Yonkers Gazette complains because the gas company had the cheek to send him a bill for gas, when half the time he had to burn kerosene to see the gas with, and the other half the gas-lights danced and flickered as though affected by spiritualism. He ought to come to Philadelphia and get used to such things.

☞ A Michigan paper thus delicately announces a death from a "non-explosive." "Mrs. Maria Framley gave up the bad habit of using kerosene for kindling fires, on Thursday last.

☞ Grace Greenwood thus writes on the "Woman Question:" "If I had the framing of the law, only such women should be allowed to vote as had sewing machines, and knew how to use them; no woman could have a vote who could not read and write; who was not able to cast up her millinery accounts and cut them down; who could not make a loaf of bread, a pudding, sew on a button, wash dishes, and, on a pinch, keep a boarding-house, and support a husband decently."

☞ HONESTY AT THE FRENCH COURT.—It is mentioned that the Imperial valets were denied the use of pockets. Their liveries were inspected once a week by a tailor, and the lackey who had a pocket in any of his garments was summarily dismissed. In the moral philosophy of the Second Empire pockets and plunder were assumed to be synonymous.

☞ An Indianapolis wife-beater, who is a painter as well, had his sport interfered with by a neighbor, who gave him a tremendous thrashing, long overdue, painted his face an elegant blue-black, and left him with a skin full of sore bones.

Dead or Dying.

Where the hair is unnaturally dry, you may be sure that it is dying; and unless artificially vitalized, it will soon be as dead as leaves in November. Feed the withering fibres and stimulate the torpid scalp with LYON'S KATHAIRON, and the evil, which must otherwise soon culminate in baldness, will be speedily remedied. It is absolutely necessary for the health of the hair, that it be kept moderately moist with a preparation capable of nourishing and invigorating it. LYON'S KATHAIRON fulfills these conditions, and is the only article that actually *puts new life into the capillary tubes*, through which the natural nourishment has ceased to pass. This pure and harmless vegetable preparation is absorbed by the skin of the head to the roots of the hair, and passes into the filaments by the force of capillary attraction.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
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Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
ap22-tf 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sinking Slowly.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does not kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure to sap the springs of life eventually as any acute disease, if not checked by invigorating medication. There is something inexpressibly touching in the spectacle of premature decay. Languor, pallor, emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distaste for exertion, are its ordinary symptoms, and they should be promptly met by tonic treatment. The best invigorant and exhilirant that can be administered in a case of this kind is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dormant energies of the system, and the strengthening and regulating properties give a permanent and healthful impulse to the vital forces thus brought into play. The failing appetite is reawakened, the process of digestion and assimilation are quickened, the quality of the blood is improved, the secretions become more natural, and every organ that contributes to the nourishment of the body undergoes salutary change. By these means the repair of the physical structure is effected and its health and vigor restored. In no class of diseases has the benificent operation of the BITTERS been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected by these ailments find in this most wholesome of all tonics and correctives the safest and surest means of relief. It is strong to restore and powerless to injure. Such is the uniform testimony of "clouds of witnesses." feb3-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to **Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON,** 714 Broadway, New York. may.8-1y

"The Best" is a term always applied to *Scientific* Preparations. They deserve the title.

☞ The arrival of six Japanese young ladies at San Francisco in search of an education has created quite a flutter at Vassar College. One of them is said to be very comely in appearance, and it is feared that some important changes in costume may be necessitated at the college in case Miss Japan should turn out a belle and lead the fashions!

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - $2.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

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Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

☞ A traveller writes home from Paris, "The word I have stood most in need of since my arrival has been the French for damn."

☞ Pretty girls are the guide-boards that point the way to the State of Matrimony.

☞ A gem from the last opera was executed by Miss Angelica Excrutatissmino.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

A CURE FOR CANCER.

I wish to tell you how I cured my cancer last summer, without pain or money. Eight years ago a cancer came on my nose. It grew slowly for several years, but the last two years it increased rapidly in size. It became frightful. It had begun to eat out my left eye. I had paid hundreds of dollars, and had tried doctors far and near without finding relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night as a poultice. In six weeks my cancer was cured. I am now 62 years old. I have given this remedy to several that had cancer, and know two that have been cured since. I believe Wild Tea grows over the country generally, always on high land. Truly yours,

CHARLES YARDLEY,
Saturday Evening Post Pittsburg, Pa.

OLIVE LOGAN.

SHE IS NOT A FREE-LOVER.

Olive Logan, in a letter to the editor of the New York Sun, says:

Sir:—So many journals have copied your statement that both my husband and myself "stand in the front line of the ultra-progressionists of the age in regard to marriage, and the religious ceremony of Tuesday they regarded as a concession to the prejudices of the unenlightened majority," that I will ask you to please print my denial. Understanding the statement to imply that an ultra-progressionist in this matter is one who holds the marriage bond lightly, and who would break it easily, I deny that we are either of us such; and the religious ceremony which joined us was a "concession" to nobody; it was a free-will offering to, and confidence in each other, and a practical protest against a growing license of opinion regarding the Christian institution of wedlock.

I little dreamed, when I attended the Woman's Convention at Steinway Hall, in the spring of 1869, (the only one I ever attended,) that the judicious utterances of that respectable body would ever lead up to such monstrous doctrines as are now put forth by some advocates of woman's enfranchisement. In the short speech I made on that occasion, I conjured my hearers to believe that we sought to wage no war of extermination on the gentle household gods; and I have "progressed" not one inch in this matter since. I still think a happy home the best thing there is on this earth, and I still believe that the old-fashioned marriage is the basis of it.

As for my husband, though he has long been known as a patient investigator into the wrongs and sufferings of the lowly, and as an earnest pleader for charity toward the poor working girls of New York, he has never once, with pen or tongue, advocated suffrage for women; so that even by inclination he cannot be included in the stigma which the enemies of that cause would attach to all its advocates.

Nor is it any sign of "progressiveness" in me, that while I am Mrs. Wirt Sikes in private life, I am still professionally,

Yours truly,
OLIVE LOGAN.

"ON THE WING," Dec. 30, 1871.

NILSSON'S ADMIRER.

Mlle. Nilsson has had trouble with a most daring lover, and the consequence has been his arrest. The New York Sun says:

Justice Scott was yesterday called upon to adjudicate in a singular case, the memory of which will remain with him as long as he lives. The complainant is none other than Christina Nilsson, the renowned songstress, and the defendant one Charles Theodore Busch, a German musician of three score, whose heart had been pierced with Cupid's shafts until his aged head had turned. Mlle. Nilsson's complaint against the senile lover was preferred in a low sweet tone that thrilled the blushing Justice, and filled the Essex Market Court-room with music.

"He annoys me much, your Honor," said the silver-voiced queen of song. "He follows me everywhere. If I walk in the street he is at my side; if I enter a door he is with me. He foolishly believes that he loves me, and that I am essential to his happiness. Please tell him to give me peace."

While Mlle. Nilsson was thus pleading, poor lovelorn Busch's eyes followed every movement of her lips, and his ears drank in every sound of her mellifluous voice. Edging nearer and nearer to his fair enslaver, he seized the corner of her fur cape and, bearing it hurriedly to his lips, kissed it repeatedly in the ecstacy of his adoration.

"He says, your Honor," continued the fair complainant, blushing, "that I must marry him."

"You shall not be troubled by him again, Mademoiselle," said the Justice, with a smile. "Mr. Busch, I shall require you to give bonds in $300 to keep the peace toward this lady for six months."

It is said that the ardent Busch not only followed Mlle. Nilsson and annoyed her with silly speeches, but that on one occasion he actually stole a kiss from her rosy lips. He had previously gone so far as to intrude himself into her private apartments, from which the servants promptly ejected him. The kiss was taken yesterday morning.

BEATRICE CENCI.

The history of this beautiful but unfortunate woman, who was executed at Rome, on September 11th, 1595, for the murder of her father, has again attracted attention in consequence of a criticism by William W. Story, on the picture of this famous character, attributed to Guido Reni. Mr. Story says that, in the account of Beatrice, to be found in the archives of the Cenci palace, there is no mention made of a portrait by Guido. In the manuscript family annals, Beatrice is described as being small and of a fair complexion, with a round, smiling face, dimples in her cheeks, and extremely long, curling golden hair. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing and full of fire. The portrait does not correspond with this description, as the eyes are hazel, the hair is not curling and long, and the face has thin and haggard cheeks, without any dimples. The famous alleged portrait of Beatrice Cenci, it may be mentioned, is by the best art critics considered to be a fancy picture painted by some unknown pupil of Guido. This distinguished artist was born in 1575, at Bologna, and it is said did not visit Rome until after the execution of Beatrice, so that the romantic story about his sketching her features while she was on the way to the scaffold is untrue. Guido also painted in two distinct styles, and the picture is in his later manner, which was not adopted until some time after the death of Beatrice.

MOTHERHOOD.

Col. Higginson says that so sacred a thing does motherhood seem to me, so paramount and absorbing the duty of a mother to her child, that in a true state of society I think she should be utterly free from all other duties, even, if possible, from the ordinary cares of housekeeping. If she has spare health and strength to do these other things as pleasures, very well; but she should be relieved from them as duties. And as to self-support, I can hardly conceive of an instance where it can be to the mother of young children anything but a calamity. As we all know, this calamity often occurs; I have seen it among the factory operatives at the North, and among the negro women in the cotton-fields at the South; in both cases it is a tragedy, and the bodies and brains of mother and children alike suffer. That the mother should bear and tend and nurture, while the father supports and protects, this is the true division.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A lady writing from Paris, says: The other evening, in a very elegant, very *distingue* American *salon*, music was going on; it is always with music a *soiree* commences. Among the guests there was a young French lieutenant, the bearer of an ancient name and of a recent decoration, gallantly won in our last campaign. A blonde German musician sits down to the piano, preludes with much talent, and begins to play the triumphal march of the Emperor of Germany. The company exchange glances and feel uncomfortable; the lieutenant rises gravely, goes up to the mantelpiece, takes the tongs, snatches up the piece of music, and throws it into the fire. The astonishment of all present may readily be imagined. The lieutenant, then turning towards the amazed musician, said coolly, "It is not sufficient, monsieur, to be an artist of talent; it is of still more importance to be well bred."

WHY HE WOULD NOT.

A movement is on foot in England for a national subscription to aid the proprietor of Warwick Castle to rebuild the portion of that edifice recently destroyed by fire. Mr. J. Ruskin is greatly irritated by this. Mr. Ruskin says he is a castle lover of the truest sort, but, he adds: I am at this hour endeavoring to find work and food for a boy of 17, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, and this boy and his sister—who all sleep together in one room, some eighteen feet square, in the heart of London; and you call upon me for a subscription to help rebuild Warwick Castle. Mr. Ruskin's name will therefore not be found in the list of subscribers to the Warwick fund.

☞ An unsophisticated parent in Portsmouth, N. H., observed with pain that his first born had no teeth, and hastened to remedy the "deformity" by purchasing a fifteen dollar set of molars, which he handed to the nurse, with the remark that the baby shouldn't suffer if he had to wear only one shirt a week.

☞ A London merchant advertised for a clerk who could "bear confinement." He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

TWO VERSIONS.

The recent publication of a versification of an old monkish Legend by Longfellow, under the title of "The Legend Beautiful," has called attention to another versification of the same Legend, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of this city, published a number of years ago.

We annex the two versions for the gratification of our readers. Miss Donnelly's, as Mr. Longfellow himself doubtless would be the first to admit, is the best—being a fine poem, as well as a versification—though marred by some inaccuracies of rhythm.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"If adst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision.
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see:
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstacy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest?
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return;
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"If adst thou stayed I must have fled!"

—*Atlantic for December.*

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

[Published in the Continental Monthly, March 1868.]

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,
Listen to what befel
Monk Gabriel,
In the old ages ripe with mystery—
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave but gentle look—
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted Spring abounds;
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect, and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming-shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—
Deep in his cell
Sate the monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again,
Ye shall see Me then."
A little while!
The Monk looked up—a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed;
"O Thou, who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O Blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"
The blood, with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His Humanity,
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin,
His cheek outblushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within,
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwell,
The Monk in speechless adoration knelt.
In each fair hand, in each fair foot, there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
Around His brows, in tenderest incency,
The thorn marks lingered, like the flush of dawn:
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling that the room was filled
With Heaven; and transfigured in his place,
His very breathing stilled,
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
Of this sweet Presence, lo! a something broke:
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
And, through the open windows of the cell,
In silver chimes came ringing.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—I believe I attempted to tell you something about bridal *trousseaus* in my last, but owing to the limited space allotted to me—and the great pressure on your columns, I believe that is newspaper vernacular, isn't it? I had scarcely commenced before I found myself at the end of my rope. It was too bad, and nobody regretted it more than myself; but to make matters right and not delay prospective weddings longer than I can help, I will plunge directly into the subject.

In the first place get creamy white *faille*, without fail, if it is to be had, and your purse is long enough to stand it—which of course it is or you never would take such an extravagant notion as marriage into your head. The best qualities shown at the great retail emporiums of the city are marked eight dollars per yard, and are soft, fine and beautiful as they ought to be at that price, and far in advance of the heavily repped Ottoman silks that a few months ago were considered indispensable; so much so that without them a fashionable belle would have questioned the legality of the relation she had assumed. But Ottoman silk was thick and unmanageable, and in draping was apt to present angular corners instead of graceful festoons, and worse than all the rest, they got to manufacturing cheap goods in imitation of it. That was the "last straw that broke the camel's back." A lady can't marry every day in the week in this part of the world, and when the occasion does occur, she don't want any question as to whether she has got the genuine article or only a cheap imitation. Satin was the fabric most in use at one time, but its day is over—nobody wears it now.

As I said before, *faille* is the idea—nothing else will answer at all for so important a ceremony as getting married, and of this material from eighteen to twenty yards is required. Dresses imported this season show simple round waists without points or postillion. It is said Parisian ladies have brought about this return to a fashion not long laid aside, because of their admiration for the handsome sashes that must needs accompany these waists.

The top of the corsage is very low, and is partially rounded on the shoulders instead of being cut half high *a la Pompadour*. For trimming, "Grecian folds" and "berthas" are equally admired. The sleeve is a mere spanlette or tiny puff.

The bridal veil is worn much larger and fuller than formerly, and instead of being fastened upon the head with a wreath of orange blossoms, it is now thrown entirely over the face, and is ample enough to admit of being taken up on the arms, shawl fashion. It is graceful and pretty; an improvement, I think, on the old way.

Wedding-dresses made by modistes here have the inevitable low corsage, but are finished at the back with postillion basques. The front is cut square, and has a belt of four faille folds, beginning at the seams under the arms. Two faille bows, neither too large or too small, are in front. Pearls to any extent may be worn, but other ornaments are inadmissable.

There is nothing *new* to say about skirts; they are short in front, of course, to display the pretty slipper, while the overskirt forms what is known in polite society as the "Court train." At present, I believe, there is no established length for these trains; but I have understood that there is a bill before the Legislature making it unlawful for skirts to hang out the church-door while the bride kneels at the altar.

In a bridal outfit the travelling suit follows close in importance on the wedding-dress. The prettiest seen this season consisted of a nut-brown cashmere polonaise over a silk skirt of a trifle lighter shade, and a Watteau sacque and cape. The trimmings were silk bands, straight, with fringed edge, headed with narrow bands of the cashmere, *untached*, with an intermingling of delicate jet beads.

After the travelling-dress, there must necessarily be evening dresses, elaborately trimmed, and plenty of elegant walking-dresses gotten up regardless of expense, and there must be *robes de chambre* of two or three different colors, each so distinct from the others that there can be no question as to the number the lovely bride is in possession of.

As for *lingerie*, there must be no end to it; and as collars and cuffs and handkerchiefs come under this head now-a-days, it is not an unimportant item, by any means.

Orange blossoms are used in greater profusion than ever. They are now imported in sets, and consist of a wreath or half wreath for the head, one or two sprays for the postillion, a corsage bouquet, and sprays for the shoulders and the sides of the dress. A youthful bride has to be pretty plentifully sprinkled with them, you will observe—but, as if to average the thing, they are frequently dispensed with entirely in cases where some gentle maiden, after partaking of "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," concludes to test again connubial bliss. She don't need any orange blossoms, and she is willing to let them go; but as for putting them off with a pearl-colored silk, instead of a white one, it is not the thing at all, and they would be acting judiciously if they entered a universal protest against it. You see, it advertises the fact of their being widows, which is unpleasant, as it is apt to lead to unnecessary questions as to the social standing, business qualifications, etc., of the departed spouse—people are always curious about these things, and in case of a remarry, they like to ask whether the first experiment was one of love or convenience—how long the parties lived together—if the defunct left anything—how many years the widow wore black—if she "took on" at the funeral—if she marries again because she is lonely, or what?

Such things are not pleasant; on the contrary, they are decidedly unpleasant, and the whole thing could be avoided so easily. It is different from advertising widowhood with one of those coquettish little caps that milliners so delight in getting up tastefully. That is worn, at first, because fashion requires it; but, after two or three years, it looks more like a sign that the pretty wearer is desolate and alone, and would not be averse to hearing somebody say:

"My eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove, you—
There's no one above you," etc., etc.

And very probably she wouldn't.

But, to leave the marriage question, and talk

ABOUT HATS,

permit me to say there is now a general putting aside of turbans and English walking-hats, and an unprecedented run on the new shape that is dignified with as many names as one of Queen Victoria's children. It is called the "Lammermoor," the "Daisy," the "Snowflake," and the "Excelsior."

Now, there is a rare collection for one hat, and, as you "pays your money, you can take your choice."

The "Lammermoor" doesn't seem to me to give much of an idea of a hat; I do not even know that the unhappy bride whom Scott pictures so lovingly, ever wore anything but a bonnet.

The "Daisy" might do, if it were not in the dead of winter; but everybody knows that the

"Wee modest, crimson-tipped flower"

is a summer institution, and that spoils *that*.

The "Snowflake" is pretty and poetical, or would be if these hats were not almost invariably *black*. "Excelsior" is the best of the lot, as it does not mean anything—or else it means *everything*—I hardly know which. I have seen it on patent cheese-presses, improved gridirons, pickle-cans and corkscrews, and now I see it on the ladies' heads. This hat is a difficult thing to describe, but it has a high-puffed crown, the silk or velvet of which lies up loosely, as though it had not settled permanently, but was on the *qui vive* for something else. There are plenty of ostrich tips and marabout feathers, and a great mixing in of jet ornaments and folds and bows of ribbon. The brim is narrow, and has a bashful way of looking down all around, as though it hadn't become accustomed to the important position to which it had lately been elevated. However, when surmounting a tangle of blonde curls and braids, to say nothing of a pretty face, it is a hat "as will do you credit," and as it is destined to rule through the winter, and will likely be reproduced in summer materials, it is best to think so, anyhow.

OLIVE KING.

Laurence Crenshaw's Wife.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

"Isn't he handsome?" "Isn't she lovely?" "Splendid silk!—must have cost a fortune—trimmings and all." "Worth a cool two hundred thousand in her own right," etc., etc., etc.

Such were some of the whispers which were elicited by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Crenshaw, in Mrs. Bartram's brilliantly-lighted parlor, about a month after their marriage; and as the young wife, leaning on her husband's arm, heard the whispered comments of those around her, her pink cheeks flushed more deeply, and she held her head a little more erect. She was called pretty, as girls go, but her beauty was of the diminutive, pink-and-white-blue-eyes-and-yellow-hair order, of which one soon wearies; to-night, however, she was looking her very best—and those who had before spoken rather slightingly of her charms, looked at her with surprise. Her yellow hair was dressed with unusual care and elegance, and the gossamer-like ringlets floating around her fair face and down to her slender waist were in themselves a marvel; true, her nose was neither pretty nor aristocratic, and her chin was too large and massive for her otherwise delicate face, but her white shoulders rising from the foam of lace, the round arms and infinitesimal hands were very beautiful, and the rich, white silk which she wore, gave to her diminutive figure a quaint air of stateliness which was very charming.

And Laurence Crenshaw—towering far above the childish figure of his wife—his haughty head thrown proudly back, his black eyes looking straight before him with a queer expression of defiance, his white teeth gleaming under his heavy, black moustache as he returned the greetings of his friends, his dark face looking darker than ever contrasted with his wife's waxen fairness, and with a careless assurance, almost amounting to downright insolence, apparent in his whole manner, walked through the crowded rooms.

This was Laurence Crenshaw, who had been called before his marriage the most dangerously fascinating man in his set, and as such, had been a source of great anxiety to careful mammas, for although they might close their ears to the whispers of the dissipations in which he was prone to indulge, they could not close their eyes to the fact that the property which his father had left him had melted away until there remained hardly anything to distinguish him from the crowd of penniless young men against whom such mothers are always on their guard, but his birth and breeding. Now that he had married Josephine Maywain, the heiress, however, all this was changed; those who had of late years eyed him askance, were now only too ready to be reckoned his friends, and were the first to offer their congratulations and good-wishes.

Perhaps it was the thought of this which gave him the new air of defiance which every one remarked—perhaps it was the knowledge that there were not two people in that house who had not openly declared that he had married Josephine Maywain for her wealth alone. Whatever the reason was, it was certain that the reckless, devil-may care look which had come to his face of late was increased tenfold.

If he had married Josephine Maywain for her money, he was evidently determined to fulfill his part of the agreement faithfully, for there was never a lover more devoted to his beloved than he was to his wife. He danced with no one else—he stayed beside her when she would not dance, and was so assiduous in his attentions to her that those who had known him of old could scarcely credit their senses. He was a "model husband" certainly, and his wife seemed quietly happy; she was never a demonstrative person, but there was a calm contentment in her eyes which no one could doubt.

Laurence ordered the carriage early, for Josephine was not yet entirely rested from her journey, and while she was in the cloak-room Mrs. Bartram excused herself to her other guests for a moment and went in. She had known Josephine Maywain all her life, and loved her for her mother's sake, and when six months before she had come to her with the story of her engagement to Laurence Crenshaw, she had felt as badly as though it had been one of her own daughters, and tried in every way to influence her against him; even now that she was married and seemed so happy, there was still a shadow of distrust clouding her kind friend's heart.

"Josie dear," she said, as the little figure, wrapped in a snowy cloak, came towards her; "are you as happy as you seem?"

The blue eyes met her gaze unshrinkingly. "Yes," she answered simply, "I am very happy. You don't like Laurence—but he is good to me." And then Laurence, rushing up, full of anxiety about his wife's wrapping, found himself face to face with his old-time enemy, and stopped short.

"I am glad to see you for one moment alone," said Mrs. Bartram quietly. "I owe you an apology, for I tried to turn Josie against you. She says she is happy and you are 'good' to her. I hope we shall be better friends now."

He took her offered hand awkwardly. "Thank you," he said, and then in a rapid whisper, "Let bygones be by-gones. I am trying very hard now, Mrs. Bartram."

"I believe you," she answered, as she passed on, and Laurence Crenshaw felt that he had taken the first upward step and had gained a true, firm friend.

That night, when Josie and her husband were again at home, she went to him in her childish way and, sitting on his knee, took his hands in hers. "Laurence, she said softly, "do you love me?"

His face flushed gently, but he answered her, "Yes, of course."

"Really and truly, dear?"

"Yes."

"And—oh, Laurence! did you ever love any one else?" She asked the question thoughtlessly, as a child might have done, and she shrank back frightened at the look which her careless words brought to his dark face. "Are you ill?" she said, after a moment.

He put her down from his knee impatiently. "I am tired and you tease me," he said. "Go up stairs—I will come soon." And she obeyed him unquestioningly, but with a grieved look in her eyes, and a little ache in her heart, for it was the first time he had ever spoken so to her.

Laurence, left alone, knitted his black brows together, and walked up and down the room, his head bowed and his arms folded, as though in deep thought.

"The little fool!" he said, half aloud. "Why did she ask such a question? Why not let well enough alone?"

He stopped at one of the windows, and raising the curtain, looked out into the sloppy street.

"A nasty night," he said, with a muttered oath; "but it's like a cage in here." Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he went down the broad stairway, through the silent hall out into the stormy night, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, as though not caring to see whither he was going, walked swiftly through the darkness. The wind blew fiercely against him; the rain beat heavily down upon him; but he heeded nothing, until a sudden cry—a woman's—came to his ears, and he bent over a form which had fallen almost at his feet in the muddy street.

A gleam from the street-lamp near by revealed her face as he raised her to her feet, and he held her arm tightly. "*You* here?" he said. "D—— you!"

She shrank from him, hiding her face in her hands;—a very beautiful face it was, but with a bold, bad look in the wide eyes.

He looked down on her with a withering scorn on his scowling face. "I am glad to see you," he said, mockingly. "It is a night when devils are abroad—and two of them have met!"

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Let me go."

"I am too glad to see you," he answered, and then looking at her again, "Good God! I loved you once, Alice! You made me what I am!"

"Don't!" she said again. "You frighten me: you hurt my arm."

He held her firmly, despite her struggles. "You were only too glad to have me for your slave, when you would satisfy your vanity through my means," he went on, fiercely. "You turned my friends against me—you wasted my money, and then you left me—and I sold myself for money to the first fool who would marry me."

"I am poor now," she said, "poor as the lowest of them. We all come to it sooner or later; have a little pity."

"Did you have any for me?" he cried. "I would have married you once, but you were far too cunning, and now that I had determined to bury the past and live purely for the sake of the innocent girl whom I have married, you come and bring it all back to me—all the wickedness and shame of it."

He thrust her from him and turned away, but she caught his sleeve. "You won't leave me in this way?" she said. "I am very poor—for the boy's sake, a little money."

He laughed bitterly. "Money—always money," and then more gently. "Where is the—the child?"

"With me," she answered. "Not far from here. Will you go?"

"It will do no harm," he said, "lead the way," and they walked in silence through the storm.

It was a poor, shabby room into which she led him, in one of the lowest streets of the city, and as he contrasted it with the house he had left not an hour before, he felt for the first time an emotion of pity for the woman beside him; it was so bare and comfortless, and she had so loved bright and beautiful things in the old days.

"I will not stay," he said, as she placed a chair for him, "show me the child."

She took the lamp from the mantel and carried it to the bedside, while Laurence Crenshaw standing beside her, looked down at the sleeping boy, whose baby face was a miniature likeness of his own.

"He is very like you," said the woman, as he turned away, and leaning on the mantel with his head resting on his arm, seemed lost in thought, "very like you."

"He did not seem to notice that she had spoken, and as she stood gazing at him, her eyes brightened with a new hope; she threw off her shawl, and going to him, laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Laurie," she said, "Laurie—"

He turned and looked at her; all the bold, hard look had disappeared, and there was an appealing sweetness in her face which made him for the moment forget himself.

"What is it, Alice?" he said gently.

She drew nearer and looked up at him with her lips trembling and her eyes swimming with tears. "You are very hard with me, Laurie, and we used to be so happy."

There was a girlish prettiness in her attitude as she stood beside him, with her head drooping, her hands folded before her, her dark hair veiling her shoulders, and the firelight gleaming on her downcast face, and his heart relented as he looked at her.

"I loved you then, Laurie—and I—oh! Laurie—*don't* be so hard and cold! I love you now." She was close beside him, her face almost touching his shoulder. "Forgive the past, and we may still be happy."

He turned on her so suddenly and so fiercely that she started back with a half cry.

"You are a good actress—I always said so, you remember—but I understand you thoroughly. I am rich now, and you will 'love' me again. I have some honor left, even after knowing *you*, and not one cent of my wife's money shall you ever have. Will your 'love' stand that trial?"

She gathered her hair up and fastened it, the flush dying out of her face, leaving it deathly white, the lines around her mouth growing sharp and hard, and her eyes glittering angrily.

"You choose not, then?" she said. "Take care."

"I am no coward," he answered, and then turning away with a worn look on his handsome face, "I am going away now. You have taught me one thing—to think more kindly of my wife than I have ever done before. I will try to outlive it all for her sake, for she, God help her, believes in me."

"Are you going?" The woman's glittering eyes followed his every movement narrowly, but she did not move.

"Yes," he answered. "There is some money on the mantel;—it is my own, and you may have it. I will send you some for the child when I can, but not one cent of my wife's money shall you have while you live.

I told you so before,—I swear it now." And he, leaving the woman alone with the sleeping boy, went home through the deserted streets to his young wife.

During the next few months Laurence Crenshaw struggled bravely against himself. He had married Josephine Maywain with a full determination to make her happy, if possible, and this resolution he kept steadily in view. Not a word or a look did he give her that was not kind and gentle, and she was apparently entirely happy. He had married her without feeling towards her the least sentiment of love, but, as the days went by, he found himself slowly but surely "falling in love" with his wife. She was so gentle, so childlike, and, above all, so very fond of him, that by degrees he began to feel that life might be very happy for them both, and that, although the passionate love which he had once felt was gone forever, there was a deeper, purer, more enduring affection springing up in his heart.

He did not realize this fully until, in the early summer months, his wife, slight and fragile always, began to grow weaker and more delicate; but when he saw how thin and wan her face grew daily, how large her eyes looked with the black shadows beneath them, and how weary and listless she seemed all the time, he began to understand how dear she had grown to him, and how utterly worthless and empty his life would be without her.

As the days went by, and Josephine was no longer able to walk or even to sit up, he was always beside her, anticipating her every wish, and trying, in gentle, womanly ways, to make her comfortable, and she, lying like a broken lily among her pillows, tried to be brave and hopeful for his sake.

Laurence Crenshaw was not an imaginative man, by any means, but sometimes he fancied that there was a new expression in his wife's eyes as she watched him about the room—a questioning, appealing look which followed him everywhere; night and day it haunted him, but he held his peace.

Of Alice Dunbar, the woman whom he had met in the street on that stormy night, he saw and heard no more; her threat of "war" seemed to have meant nothing, and although he sent money from time to time to the child, no message ever came back, and so he thought of her no more. Josephine was his only care, and his only aim was to make the weary days more endurable to her.

"When you are well again, darling," he said to her one evening as he sat beside her, holding her thin hands in his. "When you are well again, we will be very happy, you and I and—the little one."

And she answered with a faint smile: "Yes, Laurence, dear; you and I and—the little one." But her husband's heart sank as he saw how very weak and ill she was.

Before midnight there was a sudden commotion in the great house—servants hurried to and fro with pale, scared faces, and all was confusion and terror, for Laurence Crenshaw's wife was lying white and still in her chamber, unconscious of all around her. "Dying!" they whispered: but as she was drifting out on the tide of eternity, her child's cry brought her back, and she lived, while the little life that was but just begun went in her place.

As the days went by health came slowly back to Josephine, and although it was a weary time that she was confined to her chamber, there came, at last, a day when she, though still pale and weak, took her old place in the house; and then Laurence Crenshaw thanked God with his whole heart for His mercy and goodness.

"If she had died," he would think with a shudder, as he heard her sweet voice chirping to her birds, or saw her pale face watching for him at the window, and then only he began to realize what a blessing she had been to him. Under her gentle influence all the good qualities of his nature had been called forth; for her sake he had kept watch over his imperious temper until it was entirely subdued, and he knew, in his inmost heart, that it was through his wife that his better self had been called to life.

"Josie, Josie, darling," he would say time after time, "I never knew what happiness was until now—it is you who have saved me from being a total wreck."

And Josie, the childish smile fading away, would look at him with a sudden gravity shading her face and the old questioning expression in her blue eyes, and answer always, "I love you so."

That look haunted Laurence incessantly; a vague fear came to him that some rumor of his old vices and follies had been heard by her, and that she was growing to doubt him. His heart urged him to tell her all of his past life, and trust to her love for his forgiveness, but he shrank from it.

"She would never trust me, or believe in me again," he thought; "better let it go;" and so he held his peace.

But one day there came to him a solution of the mystery.

As the days grew cooler, Josephine did not rise to breakfast. She was still in delicate health; and although she began to go into society a little, all exertion was forbidden her, and she rarely came down stairs before lunch time, while Laurence, after partaking of his solitary meal, would go out for the "constitutional," which his wife had insisted upon since her recovery.

To him, sitting at the table one morning, entered Josephine's maid, bearing a little note written in his wife's delicate hand.

"Please return a little earlier than usual," it said. "I have a surprise for you."

Laurence wondered a little over the message, and puzzled a little as to what the "surprise" might be, but not being of an inquisitive temperament, soon desisted from such an unsatisfactory proceeding, and went out for his daily walk.

When he returned his wife was waiting for him in her morning-room, and as she came forward to meet him, he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. Her white wrapper with its black ribbons, made her fair face seem still fairer. While the babyish rings of yellow hair (for the "chief glory of woman" had been sacrificed during her illness,) clustering around her head, gave her a childish look which was very charming.

There was a little embarrassment and confusion in her manner, which was unusual, and when Laurence saw this, and also noticed the troubled look in her face, he felt a vague uneasiness.

"What is it, Josie?" he asked.

She sat down beside him and laid her pretty head on his shoulder; there were tears in her blue eyes, and she spoke very gently.

"Laurence," she said, "you said once that we would be very happy—you and I, and the little one—did you not?"

He looked down on her in blank wonderment.

"Yes, darling."

"And we will be, Laurence."

She rose as she spoke, and went to the door. He heard a child's voice, the pattering of little feet; and then Josephine came to him, leading a little rosy boy—his child.

"Laurence," she said, very softly, "he is come to take the place of my dead baby."

Laurence Crenshaw rose and stood before her, his proud head bowed with shame.

"You know all, then?" he said, the old passion darkening his face. "Curse her!—she told you."

"Don't," said Josephine, pleadingly, "she is dead."

He turned away from her without a word—but she laid her hand on his own.

"Laurence," she said, simply, "I love you."

He looked down on her with a new hope in his face.

"You cannot,—after this," he cried despairingly.

She drew him down to her until she could look straight into his eyes.

"I have known it for months, my husband," she whispered, "and—oh, Laurance—I have pitied you so. I tried to make her last days comfortable; but she was hard and bitter to the last. Laurence, dear, let it go. I love you—and we will be very happy—you and I, and the little one."

LOVE'S MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Out in the moonlight with face uplifted,
Patient eyes drinking the light;
Silvery moonbeams the curls have twisted,
Draped her form softly in white.

Sweet such a rest is, so constant and true,
Soul, and the moonlight, we hasten to you.

Chained in the moonlight with face grief blighted,
Hungry eyes mocked by the light;
Frost-chilled, dew-moistened, and soul unlighted,
Bathed in cold moonbeams so white.

Speeding back heart-sick, we whispered, "'Tis true
Only Love's sunlight keeps off frost and dew."

C.

NO LOVE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MALCOLM ALSTYNE.

CHAPTER I.

Hugh Vanderware was seated on a cliff looking out over the sea. His face was not melancholy, but still quite sober in its expression. There was nothing particularly the matter with him, yet he had a somewhat puzzling subject of thought. I expect you will laugh when you hear what it was.

Well, Hugh was running over all the list of his lady acquaintances, the marriagable ones, and asking himself who of them all would suit him? which one could he love well enough to wed?

There wasn't any egotism in that question. He wasn't assuming that he could get any person that he wanted. It was only a primal question that he was settling; did he want anybody?

And looking over the whole list of his lady friends, he decided that there wasn't one that he loved, or was likely to love.

Pshaw, those very thoughts were strong proof that he wasn't in love. A man does not go about loving a woman in such a cool, deliberate fashion. Indeed it is entirely different. There is no calm consideration about it. Instead, a man wakes to the realization that something very strong in its power, very sweet in its existence, is within his bosom. It is there before he knows it. When he discovers it, he finds it to be the great influence of his life. And he does not have to go searching about for the woman that is the object of it. She stands out from all the world; she is queen of her sex; she is the one woman of all for the man that loves her. His heart will not let him mistake the position that she occupies in it.

So Hugh Vanderware was absurd in his thoughts. However, he wasn't extraordinarily anxious to marry. Indeed such a train of thought was very natural, in spite of its absurdity. Other people loved and married, why shouldn't he ask himself why it wasn't so with him?

Presently a step along the beach interrupted his thoughts. Glancing down from where he was seated, he beheld a young lady walking leisurely along. He was above her range of vision, so she did not perceive him. The thought occurred to the young man that hers was a very graceful figure. He wondered who she could be. He was positive that he did not know her, that he had never before seen her. She had passed the cliff but a short distance, when she gave a sudden cry, and sank down on the beach. Hugh sprang to his feet, and hurried down from the cliff by the winding path that he had ascended not long before. He lost sight of the young lady, and it was a half a minute before he came around to her. She was still prostrate upon the beach, sobbing painfully. As she beheld Hugh her sobs ceased and she tried to rise. He caught her in his arms and lifted her to her feet.

"What is the matter?" he cried unceremoniously; "are you injured?"

"I think I have sprained my ankle," she answered.

Then she blushed vividly. Hugh was still supporting her in his arms.

"I think that I can stand alone," she said.

He released her, but a sudden paleness warned him that she was mistaken. So all that he could do was to give her his support once more.

"Is it very painful?" he asked presently.

"Not as painful as it was," she answered. "What are we to do?"

Hugh reflected a moment. "Where——" he commenced.

"I am staying at Mrs. Searle's," she interrupted, comprehending his question before it was asked.

"Are you?" Hugh returned, in surprise; "So am I."

He wondered why he had not met her there. He concluded that she must have very lately arrived. But he felt that it was no time for any explanation.

"I might carry you there," he said. "It is not much, if any, over half a mile distant."

She blushed more vividly than before.

"It is scarcely necessary," she returned. "I can't walk, it is true—but if you will be so kind as to go for assistance, I will remain here. You can place me a little way up the cliff, and I shall be comfortable."

"I fear to leave you by yourself," Hugh remonstrated. "You may become suddenly sick or faint."

"No I won't," she said; "at least I will run the risk."

Of course Hugh had to obey her request. He seated her comfortably a short distance up the path, that wound up the side of the cliff. In front it lifted itself straight up from the beach.

"My name is Mellicent Graeme," the girl said, as Hugh turned away.

"And mine is Hugh Vanderware," he returned. "I will be back very shortly. I will make all possible haste."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Graeme's injury wasn't a very severe one. For a few days she was kept from participating in the pleasures of Mrs. Searle's guests. But at the end of a week she found herself fully recovered.

The reason that Hugh had never beheld her till that day, was the one that he had inferred. She had arrived at Mrs. Searle's but a short time before she had taken that walk along the beach.

Mellicent Graeme was a very pretty and accomplished girl. There was some rare and sweet charm about her that is hard to define. Therefore I shall not attempt to explain why it was that she was more attractive even than the majority of those who were as beautiful and as highly accomplished as she.

Of course that accident placed her and Hugh on more intimate terms than they would probably have arrived at in weeks of ordinary acquaintanceship. Mellicent had thanked him for his aid, and they laughed merrily about it. After that they got on very well together. I should say, however, that it was only thus for a time. For some reason or other a coldness, or, at least, seeming coldness, sprang up between them. When Hugh became aware that it was so, it gave him considerable pain. He didn't understand the reason of the coldness, either. It appeared to him that it wasn't his fault at all. It existed in spite of him. The coldness, he thought, had certainly arisen from her. Yet he was unconscious of having done anything to anger her.

To be sure there wasn't anything like a quarrel. They were strictly polite to each other, and transgressed none of the requirements of society.

It got so, too, that they could never see anything alike. If there was an argument, Mellicent was sure to be on one side—Hugh on the other. No doubt it was all her fault at the first—but he soon saw the change from the pleasant intimacy that had been begun, and it stung him so that he was about as ready as she "to take up arms." So they were continually sparring at each other, always with smiling faces, it is true, but none the less matched against each other on that account. They were both quite brilliant—consequently their battles were generally about drawn, neither being the victor.

Of course the fact that they never could agree, was noticed by Mrs. Searle's other guests; it could not be otherwise than that it should attract some attention. And there were some surmises about it. Some thought that the two must have taken a dislike to each other, and that being too well bred to quarrel openly, they took this means of satisfying their mutual feeling. Others, and by far the greater majority, thought that it was only a friendly war, begun in pleasantry, and kept up for the amusement of themselves and others. And perhaps a few thought that he or she was merely expressing his or her honest views, and that it only so happened that they were always opposed to each other.

One of Mrs. Searle's guests, Miss Waterman, had known Mellicent Graeme for several years, and was very intimate with her. She took the liberty of introducing the subject one evening, when in the dressing-room that they occupied together.

"What is the matter between you and Mr. Vanderware lately, Mellicent?" Miss Waterman asked.

"I am not aware that anything is," Mellicent answered carelessly.

"You act just like two people who had been in love, and had made the discovery that you were both mistaken after all and didn't care a fig for each other, and so parted," Miss Waterman continued.

"I assure you that nothing of the kind has ever occurred between Mr. Vanderware and me," was the answer.

"Certainly not. I simply made the comparison, Mellicent. Still you are at sword's points, my dear. You smile on each other, it is true, when you make your thrusts, yet it appears to me that you are in a fair way to hate each other cordially."

"It occurs to me, Ida," Mellicent said, "that you are letting your imagination carry you a little too far. Mr. Vanderware and I are very good friends, and likely to remain so, so far as I know."

"Yes, you are remarkably friendly," Miss Waterman returned with a little satire in her voice. "If you are, my Mellicent, indications are false. You are to blame for it too, I think. The man would have been cordial with you if you had allowed him to be."

"Why what have I done?" cried Mellicent, seemingly astonished.

"What have you done?" mimicked Miss Waterman. "I might change the question and say, what are you doing? Oh, nothing at all! nothing but making him the object of your wit, and running contrary to all his pet theories, and bringing into ridicule his side of the argument. Truly it isn't much, but it will make him hate you—"

"I dare say there will be no love lost," Mellicent interrupted with a pout.

"I hadn't finished, darling Mellicent," Miss Waterman continued with a smile; "you will make him hate you or love you."

Mellicent made no reply, but sat still, with just an added shade to the color in her cheeks.

"I don't doubt but that you would prefer the first," Miss Waterman added mischievously; "you've broken enough hearts already to satisfy you I should say. I am going to retire. Good-night."

And she disappeared in her bed-room, which like Mellicent's opened into the dressing-room.

"Good-night," Mellicent called after her.

And the girl sat for some time with the sentence "No love lost" and its connections floating through her mind.

The next day a gay party of Mrs. Searle's guests went around the point on a boating excursion. When they returned and got out on the beach to go up to the house it was almost sundown.

"I'll venture that dinner is ready when we get to the house," cried Miss Waterman, who was one of the party, as well as Mellicent Graeme and Hugh Vanderware.

"I hope it is, for this sea air has made me confoundedly hungry," uttered Mr. Dick Gorman, a handsome young man of twenty-five or thereabouts.

Hugh Vanderware found himself beside Miss Waterman as they left the boat. Dick Gorman was with Mellicent Graeme.

"I believe that those two yonder are in love," said Miss Waterman to Hugh, in a very confidential manner.

"Which two?" asked Hugh, sharply.

"Miss Graeme and Mr. Gorman, to be sure," was the answer. "They've been flirting with each other ever since they became acquainted, which was two years ago. I'll wager my diamond ring that the end of it's a wedding."

The wicked girl! It was a shame for her to talk that way, when only three days before Dick Gorman had asked *her* to marry him, and she had told him that she would. And Ida Waterman knew, too, that he had followed her to Mrs. Searle's for that express purpose. She had been watching Hugh Vanderware while she was talking so lightly. Was it fancy, or did he actually pale a little? She thought that he did.

"Don't you think that they'll make a very fine couple?" she asked, casting a very sweet smile on Hugh.

"Undoubtedly; they are both handsome people," Hugh answered, a little coldly.

They reached the house, and found that dinner was ready. Somehow or other a change was effected, and Hugh Vanderware got a seat beside Mellicent. Glancing down along the table, he beheld Miss Waterman seated beside Mr. Dick Gorman.

"That girl is an incorrigible flirt," was Hugh's mental comment.

But she wasn't half as light as she seemed, and loved Dick Gorman with all her heart, fully as much as he did her.

There seemed to be that evening a truce between Hugh and Mellicent Graeme. Not a passage at arms occurred between them during the dinner, nor after it.

And that night, as Hugh smoked his pipe before retiring, he searched deep down into his heart. You can guess what he found there. He discovered that at last he had met his destiny. He didn't have to look about him now to search for somebody whom he should choose for a wife. No; for that night he acknowledged to himself that he loved Mellicent Graeme.

CHAPTER III.

The truce didn't last long. The young man would gladly have had a treaty of peace, but the girl wouldn't let it be so.

And it seemed as if there was to be a great deal of love lost; in fact, all of which Hugh Vanderware was capable, and that was considerable. Yes, he loved her truly, and looking the matter right in the face, it appeared to him that there was not a particle of hope. Worse than that, he thought that she must positively dislike him.

And what do you suppose that he decided to do? Why, to go away from there: and to go, too, without ever telling Mellicent Graeme that he loved her.

"What would be the use?" he asked himself, groaning mentally; "there is no mistaking her treatment of me!"

I think that he was wrong. I say, if a man loves a woman, he ought to tell her so, even if there isn't the thousandth part of a chance for him. I believe that if it decides his fate for the worst, he will feel better than if he had not spoken at all. No doubt it is true, that—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

But I believe they are doubly sad when the man has the haunting thought that the "might have been" might have occurred in reality if it had not been for his own fault or neglect.

Arriving at his decision, Hugh Vanderware walked out of the house. Going down to the beach, he saw nothing to attract his attention. Coming back, whom should he meet but Miss Waterman.

"Will you go back with me, Mr. Vanderware," she said, "I am going to take a stroll along the beach."

He turned back with her. They kept along the sea-shore, walking slowly. Mr. Vanderware was preoccupied and abstracted in manner, so conversation was not at all lively.

"Mr. Vanderware, what ails you?" the girl said, laughingly, presently. "You are not your usually gay self at all."

"I presume that I am not in a dangerous way," he answered with a little forced animation.

They kept up the conversation for five minutes.

Then Hugh grew as silent and self-absorbed as ever.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, at length, breaking a silence of a minute.

"Indeed," Miss Waterman exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were going to stay as long as any of us. Your resolution is certainly sudden."

"Yes, it is rather sudden," he said.

Then the girl looked at him closely, stealing glances so that he was not aware of her scrutiny.

"Mr. Vanderware," she said finally, "do you believe me to be your friend?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"Can you trust me?"

He was wondering at what she could be aiming.

"Yes, I can trust you," he said.

She stopped and stood still on the beach.

"I have been watching you for the last few weeks," Miss Waterman uttered, "and I think I understand you just about as well as you understand yourself."

Hugh Vanderware had never known the girl to be so serious in manner before. He was puzzled more than ever by her words.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Will you forgive me, if I ask you some plain questions?"

"Ask them."

"Do you love my friend, Mellicent Graeme?"

Hugh gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why do you ask that," he cried.

"Do you love her?"

"But, Miss Waterman——"

"You do; I see you do. You dare not deny it. And you are going away to-morrow, because you think your love is hopeless, are you not?"

The man wondered how she had read him so well. What harm could it do to admit the truth to her? Certainly none.

"I grant all that you have said," he uttered calmly enough. "Now what?"

She had laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were moist with her sympathy.

"Don't go without speaking," she said. "Mellicent Graeme has never said a word to me upon the subject, but I believe she loves you. She has been cold and cruel toward you, but I believe that her love has caused it. And between your pride and hers the happiness of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vanderware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

"Come on," said the girl, starting towards the house; "the sooner the better."

He shrank back a little.

"Come on," Miss Waterman said imperiously.

And there was no disobeying her.

When she reached the house, she marched straight into the library with him. There was no person there.

"Be seated, Mr. Vanderware," she uttered. "I will be back in a few moments."

And before he could say a word, she was gone. But in a few seconds she came back. Doubtless she had arranged the affair to suit herself.

"Mr. Vanderware," with a smile, "I am going to bring Mellicent Graeme here with me. I command you not to neglect your opportunity. You see I have taken this thing in hand, and I am going to manage it to suit myself."

She ran off with a merry laugh. Going to Mellicent's room, she found that young lady there.

"Mellicent," she said, "I want you to go to the library with me. I have a very dear friend there that I want you to see. Will you go?"

"Certainly, to oblige you," said Mellicent.

And without any further words she followed Miss Waterman to the library.

"There is my friend," the latter said, pointing to Hugh, as soon as they entered.

Then she adroitly slipped away from them, and they were alone together.

Hugh stood up before the girl. For some reason or other the hope in his heart took stronger life. There was no need of delay or multiplicity of words. And he spoke.

"Miss Graeme, I love you."

* * * * *

Of course, dear reader, you will not be surprised when I tell you that Miss Waterman was right. Mellicent did indeed love him, and had all along since nearly the beginning of their acquaintance.

Miss Waterman tells them that they ought to give her a great deal of credit for managing *their* affairs for them. I think that she is fully entitled to it. It is hard to tell how long they might have kept themselves apart, or how miserable they might have been if it had not been for their friend.

As it is, knowing that they love each other, I think that it is correct to say that between them there is NO LOVE LOST.

☞ A Jerseyman eloped with the wrong woman, by mistake.

☞ Mr. Cramfish—There Miss Sweetbrier, I've a pretty present for you. I've heard you say you admired hazel eyes, and I got Professor Hackfleah of our college, to save me the first one he came across in his dissection. I knew it would please you.

EMBARRASSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CYD RICHMOND.

A lively miss was Sallie Wiggin;
Full of mirth and folly, till
So frivolous and gay she grew,
She might be call *Sal Volatile!*

Ezra Mecker was a sober swain;
Aye—well—we'll call him young;
At church he played the organ—
The *nasal*—when he sung!

Though no *meeker*, milder man was made,
Strange as it may appear,
Toward the frisky Sallie Wiggin,
Did his heart's affections veer.

And with her, three feet distant,
From church he'd shyly walk,
'Till "'twas really getting serious;"
And gossips began to "talk."

But she laughed at his solemn ways,
And plagued the poor man much—
In fact, "the way that girl did act,"
"It really beat the Dutch."

One day she entered church quite late—
'Twas just before the psalm—
Her dress would be more noticed,
And, as folks go, "where's the harm?"

Then, seated behind Ezra—
He of the uncertain age—
Sallie gave his hair a *twiggin*,
To inquire of him "the page."

But as she plucked a glossy curl,
Was she alone to blame?
Oh! horrors! Ezra bent his head,
And—off, his whole—wig came!

Extensive smiles and titters,
And though he did not swoon,
Ezra walked not with Sallie,
On that pleasant afternoon.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Mr. Howard had determined to question Pete further in regard to the parties that robbed him of the letter. The boy had some idea in relation to the personality of one of these characters, and it seemed advisable, under the new aspect of affairs, to try and jog his memory.

Inquiring for him at the house, he discovered, after some questioning, that he had been last seen going up towards the glen.

He proceeded in the same direction. Just as he left the house he met and saluted Miss Wilton, who appeared to have also been walking in the glen, and who was returning to the house.

She gave a short nod in reply to his salute, looking at him with an indefinable expression, which was quite beyond his power to interpret.

He proceeded up the vale, looking keenly on both sides for the boy. Reaching the wilder glen beyond, one of its windings brought him in sight of a straight reach, of about one hundred yards in length. The stream here ran prattling over a bed that rapidly sloped downward, and was broken by numerous stones and miniature dams, making slight, clear cascades. It sang as it ran as silvery as any of the nymph-haunted streams of Greece. On either side the banks rose abruptly to the height of some twenty feet, and were thickly covered with trees, which at the bottom lowered into a fringe of bushes.

About the middle of the space, in a clear spot beside the stream, lay a large boulder, a broad, flat stone partly buried in the earth.

Of all the details of the scenery Howard observed but this stone, for upon its surface stood, in a perpendicular attitude, the lithe little figure of Pete. Perpendicular, but his attitude had this peculiarity, that his head rested on the stone and his feet stood bolt upright in the air, every naked toe twitching with glee.

His quick ears caught the approaching steps, and with a nimble spring he alighted on his feet, staring like a startled fawn ere it takes to flight.

On seeing Mr. Howard the boy lost his look of intense vigilance. He sat down demurely on the stone and waited for him to come up.

Mr. Howard seated himself on a corner of the boulder, so as to bring the boy directly before him.

"Pete," he said, "you are a sharp lad. You have good eyes and ears, and can make use of them. I have not forgiven you yet for losing my letter, nor won't till I know who got it from you. You say that the one who robbed you, met another. I want to know who this other was. You say you thought you knew him. Now think and tell me who he was most like."

Pete sat demurely, his face working as if he only half attended to what was said, was half lost in some pleasant thoughts of his own.

"I dunno. I's my notion—but dat's no 'count."

"And what is your notion? I think we will find it of some account."

"Can't tell dat. Can't tell a ting on a notion."

"Pete, have you any idea that it is a person I know?"

"Praps so," said Pete, looking at him cunningly.

"I want you to tell me the whole truth; you will not lose by it. Do you know Mr. Du Bar?"

"I ought to," said Pete.

"I have noticed you watching him more than once. Now what do you know about him?"

Pete bounded from the stone and looked up and down the course of the stream, and scanned the leafy hills with keen glances.

"Nobody dere," he said returning. "Bes be shure. I knows su'thin' dat I doesn't want hoerd."

"Then you have seen something worth my listening to?"

"Reckon so. Seen 'nuf, dat's shure. Wanted to see more 'fore I sed any'ting, but bess let um out now."

"Go on Pete."

"Does you spec who's doin' all dis shootin' an drowndin', an stealin'!"

"Perhaps so. But I want your suspicions."

"Got no 'spicions. I's jest shure."

"And what is his name?"

"His name's John."

"John!"

"Yes, sah. But he calls hisself Simon." Pete, at the recollection of his enjoyment over this incident, broke out anew into a burst of laughter, rolling over the ground in his merriment, until his woolly head went plump into a pool of water.

The sudden bath sobered him, and he returned sheepishly to his seat.

"Well, sir, what does all that mean?"

"He calls hisself Simon, but I knows his tother name's John." Pete's sobriety was again imperilled by the thought, and a broad grin broke over his face.

Mr. Howard sat for a moment digesting this information.

"How do you know this?"

"Wa's my ears fur ef I can't hear a ting now an den? I knows it, dats enuf; and I knows more too."

"Go on. Tell me the whole story."

"You's tryin' to find su'thin' dat Simon, whose tother name's John, don't want you to fin'. I seed him when you talked to old grandad. He was mad now, dare's no mistake."

"Ah! And was it he that stole the letter?"

"Reckon it were. Aint shure, but dat's my notion."

"Do you know anything more?"

"'Nuf more, I tink. Do you know who's his tienlar fren' here?"

"No."

"Well den I does. It's Missis Wilton. She's got some papers dat's o' some count; an she axes him to buy um. Ef he does'n buy um she'll done sell um to somebody else."

"Whew! The curtain is rising with a vengeance, and opening on a very pretty scene! Miss Wilton a confederate? I certainly did not suspect this. Go on, Pete, let me hear the rest." He slipped a piece of money into the boy's hand. Pete looked at it with glistening eyes, then leaped up with a cry of delight, and turned a half dozen somersaults before he could bring his feelings down to concert pitch. He ran rapidly up and down to where the glen curved, looking out keenly for suspicious indications.

Seeing nothing wrong, he returned to his seat. But he could no longer sit still. Now his hands were waving imaginary hats in imaginary cheers. Now his feet were executing a double shuffle, in which his body took no part. In five minutes he had put his money away into as many different hiding places, but in every case had it out again in an instant to feed his glistening eyes.

Mr. Howard, seeing that there was no chance of bringing him down to reason while his fingers burned with so ample a fortune, at length took the money from him, telling him he should not see it again till he had completed his story.

"How do you know all this? These are not the people to talk over their plans where other ears are about."

"Heered part of't under de porch, an' heered tother part of't here."

"Where?"

"Here. On dis stone."

"What, they sat here talking over such matters?"

"Jest so."

"And where were you?"

"In de bush dere. I's larnt to crawl like a snake. I was jest hidin' dar, an' dey was jest sittin' here, an' dere wasn't a word said but I heered."

"When was this?"

"Jest fore you come."

"What? I met Miss Wilton returning."

"Zactly. I spec so."

"Pete, I will double your pay. But sit still. You will not get the sight of money again till this story is finished. She wanted to sell the papers. Did you hear what they ware? And did she put any price on them?"

"Dere were a sificate, dat I's sure ob."

"A what?"

"A sificate. A ting bout marriage."

"Oh, a marriage certificate?"

"Jest so."

"Better and better. What else?"

"But I doesn't jest 'member dere names. Dey was ob some count shure, when she ax twenty tousand dollars for um."

"Twenty thousand dollars! The devil!"

"Dere ain't no lie bout it. She want ten tousand fust. He wouldn't gib dat, so she say somebody 'll gib her twenty tousand, an' ef he want um he'll have to gib de same."

"Good!" cried Howard, as much excited as Pete had been by the money. He leaped to his feet and flung up his hat in his excitement, and could hardly refrain from shouting.

Pete did not refrain, the contagion of excitement took in his hot blood, and he let out a yell that made the woods ring. Mr. Howard, recalled to his senses, took the boy by the shoulder, and forcibly seated him on the rock.

"The whole mystery is revealed, and the proofs are in existence! Pete, I'll make a rich man of you if this affair goes right. Do you know where these papers are kept?"

"I tink it's somewhar in her room."

"If we only had them now in our hands! Did he agree to buy them?"

"No. He talked 'bout shootin' her. On'y he dasen't. Den he say he'd write an' fine out. Dere was a name, too, Mit—Mid—"

"Middleton?"

"Das it. De name ob de property. Dey talk 'bout you, too. She say dat she knowed it was him tryin' to kill you, an' he say he'll do it yet ef you stay here. She say he musn't try hurt Misse Nellie agin, cos if he does she'll hurt him."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Dat he wasn't goin' to. But he's mad on you, sah. He'll kill you shure ef you don't kill him."

"Pete, I've got my eyes open now. The tables are turning, and it will be strange if I don't astonish him before he is many days older. If I only had those papers now. I must devise some means to get them into my possession. Hold your hand, boy. Here is your money. Here is as much more for the balance of your story. And here is something to pay you for holding your tongue. Mind that not a word of this gets to other ears without my permission."

"Habn't I kept quiet, sah?"

"You have indeed, and that is to me the most astonishing part of the whole business. Keep quiet still. Don't show your money. Be on the look out as sharp as ever, and I will pay you well for any new information."

"Ef Mass Simon John get de bess of Pete he'll hab to git up consid'able 'fore breakfass. Dat's shure."

Mr. Howard walked slowly down the glen, much debating to himself. There was no longer a shadow of doubt upon the subject. He had found what he was in search of, but work and danger lay as thickly before him as ever.

It was imperative that he should obtain possession of those papers, and without delay, or the opposite party might obtain them. Whether to reveal his knowledge of their existence to Miss Wilton and boldly bid for them, or to keep quiet and seek to get them by other means were now the questions which agitated his mind. He must act quickly, whatever he did, and in the meantime be on his guard against Du Bar, and against making any revealment of his new knowledge.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOVE MAKING.

The next day had been fixed upon as the occasion of a picnic party at Oak Grove, a favorite place of resort with the inhabitants of that district. It lay some eight miles distant from Burton, on a road branching from the main road above Joe Bradley's, and leading off towards the swamps.

The party was a small one, Messrs. Howard, Muddle and Du Bar forming the gentlemen, while Miss Brown, Miss Price, and Miss Mary Judson, the squire's daughter, served as representatives of the softer sex.

They expected, however, to meet friends at the Grove. The place possessed a hotel of some celebrity for its cooking and its liquors; while for those romantically inclined beautiful walks threaded the grove, and the creek we have already noticed wound round the edge of the piece of oak woodland, and spread into a broad and beautifully clear sheet. The place thus at this season was seldom without visitors, and our party fully expected to increase their strength by the addition of friends.

The morning dawned beautifully. Du Bar

started out after breakfast to stretch his limbs and get a whiff of fresh air, as he said. After following the road for a short distance he turned aside into the pines, and under the leafy arches of the wood made his way for about a mile. Here he stopped, near the edge of the creek, and looking keenly around him for a moment, gave a clear, shrill whistle that rang far through the trees.

After waiting a minute or two he repeated the signal. This time there came an answer, faint and far. He had not long to wait now, for in a short time a man was discernible, approaching through the wood.

It was the same yellowish-skinned, rudely-dressed, savage-faced outlaw whom we have seen before in this locality.

"I thought you would be about here," said Du Bar, "and so signalled for you. Sit down here, I have some words for you."

We will not give the details of their conference. It was not a long one. After a few moments Du Bar rose to his feet, saying:

"I will give five hundred, which will pay you well. The job is an easy one, and half the money would pay for all your risk and trouble."

"It wouldn't, Cap, an' that you knows. It'll mebbe be a tight squeeze. I reckon Burton am a leettle too nigh, for comfort. Howsomdever, I'll try it on, so long as it's to 'comodate you."

"It will be no trouble at all. There will be nobody but the two women; and it is strange if you can't settle with them. But you must not try it without my signal. Be off Oak Grove, say at two o'clock this afternoon, and wait there till you hear from me."

"An' ef you back down, Cap? We're not a-goin' to work for nothing. What's the figure ef it's not done?"

"Half. And now keep shady; I must be back."

Leaving the outlaw, he made his way back through the woods, emerging at the point at which he had entered them, and in a minute more was at the hotel.

Miss Nellie and Miss Sally were famous equestriennes, and they decided to make the journey on horseback, Miss Judson preferring the carriage. Solomon had already been chosen by Nellie to escort Miss Price, and as Du Bar made no proffer of his services to escort Miss Judson, Mr. Howard, much against his own inclinations, was obliged to offer himself. Thus, by a chance which was only partly chance, Du Bar became the companion of Miss Brown.

This arrangement was quite as distasteful to the lady as it was to Howard, but there was no remedy, the two unacknowledged lovers could only gracefully submit.

They rode rapidly through the wood, and past Bradley's tavern, the party keeping together, talking and laughing so far as their swift motion would permit. Passing here they separated somewhat. An impromptu race between Solomon and his companion took them out of sight in the road ahead. Howard drove more rapidly, so as to overtake them. Du Bar, on the contrary, loitered, on pretence of gathering a nosegay of the various wild flowers that lifted their humble stems by the roadside.

Some of the prettiest of these grew too low to be reached from the saddle, so that he had occasionally to halt and dismount. Nellie grew impatient at these frequent delays, which were leaving them out of sight behind the rest of the party.

But Du Bar, though promising to do better, so often forgot himself in the charms of a new blossom, that by the time his nosegay was finished they were quite out of sight of their friends.

"Well, I declare, Miss Nellie," said he, with a laugh, "this is rather more than I bargained for. But who could resist the inviting looks of these roadside beauties? I, for one, plead guilty to a passion for flowers, and it is my theory that some of our most beautiful pets of nature are neglected simply because they are plentiful, and are one's property for the picking. Now you might go through some fine collections of exotic flowers and find nothing really more beautiful than are these modest wood blossoms. Do you not agree with me?" he continued, handing her the bouquet.

"Not entirely," she replied, closely examining the flowers. "Some of these are, no doubt, worthy of a more exalted station than this to which nature has assigned them, but others, though modestly pretty when examined, lack that evident charm which the world demands. Fashion in this, as in other things, is undoubtedly largely ruled by caprice, but underlying this caprice is usually some idea of the fitness of things, some instinctive outreaching for beauty and harmony of proportions, that render unto fashion the things which taste would choose for her own. You certainly have a talent for harmonizing colors, and your flowers look more prettily arranged than they did on their native heath."

"Thanks for your appreciation. As my poor nosegay has been so fortunate as to give you pleasure, I pray that you will accept it as an humble earnest of the rare exotics with which I would delight to replace these wood blossoms."

"Oh no, sir," she replied, pressing it back into his hand, "I will not rob you of the treasure you have found. I am positively not in love with flowers—not to-day, that is; and prefer that we should haste after our friends, who will be at a loss to know what has become of us. We shall have them next on the search for us as two new babes in the wood."

"They know we are in good company; or, at least, that I am in good company. But, Miss Brown, you are surely not going to refuse my poor offering. The flowers lose half their charm in my hands. In yours their beauty is doubled."

"A gallant speech truly," she replied, laughing, and taking the flowers from his hand. "The unlovely foil of my face makes even the humblest blossoms beautiful from the sheer effect of contrast," and she held them before eyes that looked roguishly through them upon her escort.

"That is not my view of the case," he coolly replied. "Beauty loses nothing by association."

"But the greater eclipses the less. And does not the superb crimson of my lips and the ivory bloom of my nose put the poor red and white of these humble things to the blush?"

"You speak in jest, Miss Brown. I can only answer in earnest. Beside your lips the blush of the queeniest rose must pale. In contrast with your cheeks the lordliest lily must lose its charm, each overcome by a superior loveliness."

"I will keep your flowers—indeed I will. I will do anything if you will only promise not to punish me with any such severe and ponderous compliments as that."

"I meant no compliment. I am sorry that I did not choose more fitting words to express my feeling, but when we feel deeply, our thoughts are not to be conveyed in feeble terms."

"Well, sir, you appear to be getting more turgid with every sentence. You will be floundering in a very slough of compliments next, if you do not soon descend to the solid level of common sense."

"I am sorry that I have rendered myself so mysterious. I had no thought, Miss Brown, of being complimentary, no wish to offend your ear with the familiar commonplaces of fashion."

"Then you certainly meant nothing," said she, interrupting him.

"You are right—I had no fixed meaning. Was, no doubt, partly prompted by the habit of complimenting; but in whatever I may say to you, I hope you will believe me when I declare that I mean and feel more than my words express."

She looked at him in some amazement, at a loss to tell what he intended by language so utterly unsuitable to the occasion, and which seemed uncalled for by anything that had passed between them.

"Excuse me for indulging a moment in plain speech," he continued, pressing his horse closer towards hers. "I know that you are accusing me, in your mind, of indulging in rhodomontade, and of having broken the bonds of common sense, to indulge in what seems to you idle nonsense. But there is no logic in feeling. Believe me when I say, that it is my heart that is speaking, not my brain—and that whatever I may say springs from a far deeper fountain than the cool springs of reason."

"If there is no logic in your thoughts, there seems to be considerable rhetoric, and of a kind that is very distasteful to me," she replied angrily, petulantly throwing down the flowers she had hitherto held, and striking her horse sharply with the whip, so that he bounded fiercely forward.

Du Bar's face grew black as night, as he rode on behind her. He drove his spurs deeply into his horse's flanks until the animal rushed forward, maddened with the pain.

It was a fierce race they made along the solitary country road—but the strength and speed of the pursuer's horse soon decided the match, and after a few moments he rode up alongside of the flying lady. As he did so, he seized the bridle of her horse, and bearing strongly back on his own, soon brought them both to a more moderate pace.

She looked at him with anger sparkling in her eyes.

"How dare you, sir?" she cried.

"Pardon me," he calmly replied; "that horse would have run away with you in five minutes more. He is evidently not used to the whip. It may have been presumptuous in me; but I am better versed than you in the nature of the horse, and know that prompt action was becoming necessary."

"This is all sheer nonsense," she replied, angrily; "I am no novice in horsemanship, and need no one to teach me the character of an animal that I have ridden these ten years."

"I may have been mistaken," he replied; "if so, I erred from good intention and too ready a desire to protect you from possible danger."

"Or, perhaps, from a desire to force on me more of the ridiculous nonsense from which I had to run away."

She had plainly been greatly vexed by his previous conversation. Her tones were sharp with anger.

"Is it possible you so misunderstood me?" he replied, deprecatingly. "My own mind was so full of my meaning, that I did not properly consider that it might not be clear to you. Let me speak plainly, then."

"I do not wish to hear you speak plainly or otherwise, sir—unless you choose some more agreeable subject. I am thoroughly sickened with the endless pathos of unmeaning praise to which we women have to submit—simply because men do not consider us worthy of plain sense, and so strive to please us with sugar-coated nonsense."

An indistinct sense of what he was groping towards filled her mind, and made her seek to ward off the attack by the best means in her power. But he was not one to be easily abashed.

"There is nothing further from my thoughts," he impetuously exclaimed. "I praise you, not from idle fancy, but because my soul is overflowing with praise of you, is so alive to your loveliness and your perfections that it has room for no meaner thoughts. Oh, Miss Brown—or may I call you by the nearer and dearer name of Nellie? I praise you because—I love you; because my whole being is instinct with affection for you. My dreams by night, my thoughts by day, are of you, you only. I love you with the virgin affection of my heart; and only live in the hope that my affection may have awakened an instinctive response in yours. Say, dear Nellie, that it is returned; make me but the merest sign that I may hope, and you will reward my soul with happiness beyond measure!"

He spoke so earnestly, and with such appearance of feeling in his tones, that she, who had at the commencement of his speech turned away in angry spleen, found herself listening in half belief before he ended. In but half belief, for his previous language had so impressed her with a sense of scheming artifice, that she could not shake off its effects.

He pressed close beside her and attempted to take her hand. She drew it involuntarily away, and in that movement told both herself and him that there was no hope of success in his suit, that his words had awakened no answering throb of feeling in her heart.

"It grieves me," she replied, "to say that I can give you no hope. If indeed you love me as deeply as you declare, I am sorry to have roused such a feeling in your heart when I feel myself utterly unable to return it. Try and forget me, sir. There are thousands in the world you came from, tenfold more attractive and more desirable in every way than poor me. I beg you then to forget me, who am so little worthy of your love."

"It is not so," he eagerly replied, as if with the hope that her stopping to debate the matter with him was a point in his favor. "There is none more worthy. Nor is love a matter of volition, to be transferred whither we will; but a blaze of passion which once kindled in the heart can never cease to burn, never seek another altar."

"Oh, do not distress me with a continuance of this suit!" she pleadingly answered. "It is impossible that I should return your professed love. I would not hurt you by a refusal, but you leave me no alternative. I must demand that from this moment this subject be closed between us. It is impossible that any good result can arise from it, and I hope, therefore, that you will view it as I do."

His face grew black with anger. He had no counterfeited love that he felt a real pang of jealousy.

"I see how it is. But I am not the man to brook a rival. Let your lover beware if he cross my path."

This sudden outburst astonished himself the moment after it was spoken as much as it did her. She looked at him with mingled surprise and scorn.

"I know not what you mean," she coldly replied, "nor to whom you refer. You have no warrant for such language from anything in my actions or associations. Let this be the last time, sir, that you ever address such words to me. I will not submit to insult, no matter with what motive it may be given. This conversation has continued too long already. If you wish to join our friends you will follow me."

With clenched teeth, flushed cheek and eyes bright with anger, she again gave her horse the whip, and rode rapidly forward. Du Bar followed at a short distance, gnawing his lip with fury. Her last words had cut deeply. His sense that they were deserved made them none the more easy to bear.

He had made his suit simply as part of the scheme which he was diligently working out; and so he had bungled it from the beginning from sheer lack of feeling to teach him how to advance. But her resolute rejection of his proposal piqued him. It had not been his experience hitherto to have his advances scorned by the fair sex. He now, for the first time, felt a desire to win her from another motive than that of selfishness. He felt too that the possession of her hand in marriage might yet be necessary to save him from ruin. He argued to himself that she had been unfair to him, and had not treated him with the consideration that his passion deserved, for he deceived himself with the idea that his fine drawn rhetoric, his tones and postures were the very form of passion, and had they been the love itself they counterfeited, he could not have felt his repulse more bitterly. He rode on a few paces in the rear, darkly determining to himself that she should yet be repaid for her scorn, though the when and how lay yet in dim shadow before his mind.

The others had reached the ground before the two loiterers overtook them. Sally Price rallied them on their delay, declaring that they had kept behind purposely, and demanding a categorical explanation of all that had passed between them before she would grant them absolution for their derelict behaviour.

Her merriment, however, drew forth such weak response that she suddenly became silent, fearful that she might have innocently hit upon the truth. Du Bar was young and good looking; Nellie pretty and susceptible—what if they had been making love in earnest? If so, they might well decline a public acknowledgment in reply to her mischievous rallying.

She had herself not passed utterly unscathed through the fire of her solitary ride with Solomon. He had been more tender and earnest than she had ever known him before, and several times their conversation had assumed a tone that set her heart beating fiercely in her breast; only to drift away again far from the warm coast of love.

Mr. Howard had heard the conversation, and derived from it nearly the same conclusions as Sally. Could Du Bar have made a declaration of love and she have accepted? There was something in their looks and manner that seemed to give countenance to this idea, and a keener pang than he had felt for months shot through his soul at the thought. It was the first poisoned shaft of jealousy—that sharp and barbed arrow that burns deeper in the soul than could flaming arrows in the flesh.

Du Bar took the first opportunity to separate himself from the others, and walked through the grove and into the thick wood beyond. Coming upon the creek at a shallow reach, he crossed it upon stepping-stones that lifted their rounded heads above the water, and entered the thicket that lay on the other side.

Here he stopped and whistled in a peculiar strain. After a moment's pause, a similar whistle replied, seeming to come from a piece of swampy ground to the left.

He next gave vent to a cry, three times repeated, made in imitation of the cry of some animal, though it would have puzzled a hunter to know exactly what creature was intended. After a moment's pause a similar but better performed cry was returned, followed by a scream like that of the cat-bird.

Du Bar, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, turned and walked back towards the grove.

CHAPTER XX.

BURGLARY.

Miss Wilton and the cook had the cottage to themselves, with the exception of Pete, who was occasionally called upon for service when the autocrat of the kitchen could get her eyes upon him, but who was, like a flea, hard to see and harder still to get hold of.

Miss Wilton had opened the casket containing the papers which she had shown Du Bar, and was closely examining them. She had begun to fear that he might make some effort to possess himself of them. She well knew that there was nothing of which he was not capable. How could she be sure that he had not already managed in some mysterious way to tamper with her treasures? Her examination resulted in finding the papers all right, but she decided that it was not safe to keep them in the house any longer, and that she would put them elsewhere for safe keeping.

As she sat thus cogitating, a curly black head lifted itself over the sill of her window, and two restless eyes looked in. Her back was turned so that she failed to see the mischievous face of Pete, as he hung to the sill, with his face pressed close to the pane.

He had made his way along the branch of a tree that brushed that corner of the house, and, seeing Miss Wilton within her room, had caught the sill, resting his feet on a projection of the wall below.

"It will not be safe to leave them here, that seems evident," she said aloud, as she slowly replaced the papers in the casket. "These two particularly; if John Middleton could lay his hands on these it would be twenty thousand dollars out of mine, for he shall not have them for a farthing less."

She laid these last two papers in the box and closed the lid.

At this moment there was a slight noise below, and the cook called up the stairs:

"Missis Wilton!"

"What is it, Polly?" she replied, rising and going to the door.

"Dere's a pusson down yere wants ter see you."

"Very well. Show him into the parlor; I will be down." She looked back at the casket, but evidently considered that it would be safe till her return, and so went down stairs, leaving it on the table.

She had hardly disappeared before Pete slightly raised the window and protruded his curly head into the room.

There was a slight bustle down stairs, a stifled scream, which suddenly subsided to silence. Then the heavy tread of the cook was heard, and her voice broke out in angry tones. The sound of rough voices followed, a momentary struggle was heard, then all sank again into silence. In the next moment a rough-looking character entered Miss Wilton's room. Pete, still at the window, saw him curiously peering about the apartment. He picked up the casket which sat on the table.

"By thunder! hyar it is now jest laid out ter my hand, and nothing to do but snatch it an' travel. A little black box, with papers in it; this is jest the thing. The Cap said as how nothin' else must be touched, and I reckon thar ain't much about, anyhow, and these quarters ain't safe, so here goes."

Hiding the casket under his coat, he disappeared. Pete climbed nimbly down the wall of the house, aiding himself by projections and by the windows of the first floor. Darting round the house, he saw two men, who had just emerged from the back door, and were hastily running through the garden towards the glen in the rear.

Pete slipped round front and made his way into the house. Entering the parlor, he fell back in well simulated surprise at sight of Miss Wilton, firmly bound to her chair and a gag in her mouth. Opposite sat the cook in the same predicament; nothing in motion except their eyes, with which they spoke volumes of angry meaning to each other.

It was but the work of a moment for the boy to procure a knife from the kitchen and cut them loose. Miss Wilton's pent-up rage found vent in a single shrill scream. Then, like a flash, she darted from the room and up the stairs.

The cook, not so easily relieved of her feelings, raged and groaned with lamentations dire, till she was recalled to herself by a heavy fall up-stairs. Hurrying up to Miss Wilton's room, preceded by Pete, she found her mistress stretched in a faint on the floor.

The shock at the loss of her papers, after her fancied security, had been too much for her nerves, and they had given way under the strain.

The enjoyment of the pleasure-party at the Grove was suddenly interrupted by an unexpected occurrence. A light carriage came up the road, driven at a furious speed. As it approached, they saw that it was driven by Pete, who, with mischievous glee, was lashing the horse to his utmost speed, while the lady who sat behind him leaned forward, and seemed as if urging him to greater exertion.

The next instant they all recognized Miss Wilton as the occupant of the carriage.

"Why, what can have happened?" said Nellie. "Some accident, surely. I never saw Aunt Wilton in such a state before. What is the matter?" she cried, as the carriage stopped, and her aunt leaped to the ground.

"To horse, gentlemen! immediately! without an instant's delay!" she excitedly cried. "The house has been robbed. The burglars are making for the swamp. We may cut them off with sufficient speed."

"What have they taken? Let us know the particulars," asked Sally Price, pressing forward.

"It is no time now for particulars. Mount, gentlemen, I beseech you! They are some of the swamp outlaws. Quick! There is a lane near here by which we may cut off their retreat."

"Wait here, ladies, till we return," said Howard. "Unless you prefer to drive home under Pete's escort. We must chase these fellows."

"And without delay," cried Miss Wilton.

"Are any of you armed?" asked Solomon.

"I have a revolver," replied Howard. "I never go without it of late.

"Mount then—we are wasting time."

Solomon and Du Bar instantly leaped to their saddles.

"But I have no horse," said Howard.

"Take a seat here," said Miss Wilton, who had again entered her carriage.

"And you?"

"I am going with you. They have robbed me alone; stolen a casket containing money and valuable papers. I cannot trust the pursuit without my presence."

A furtive smile crossed Du Bar's face. Miss Wilton caught it, and glared at him with an expression that showed her belief that he was implicated in the theft.

He rode to the side of the carriage.

"Well?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I understand it all," she replied. "I am only silent till my loss is assured. Unless the papers return to my hands, I will denounce you."

"You dare not," he replied, with a smile. "You would but denounce yourself."

This low-toned conversation was interrupted by Howard, who had been making arrangements with the ladies.

"Let us be off," he said, mounting into the carriage and taking the reins.

Their speed was furious. In a minute or two they struck the head of the lane, and rode down it at the best speed that could be got from the horses.

It was about two miles to the point at which the route taken by the burglars would be likely to strike the road. They reached this point in a very short time. There was nothing, however, to be seen of the robbers, though their point of view commanded a considerable extent of open country.

A small wood, bordered by brush, touched one side of the lane; and here they concealed themselves, on the edge of an extensive field that stretched below, a thick hedge crossing its lower extremity.

For some fifteen minutes they waited here, keenly regarding the road. Miss Wilton's excitement was such that she could give but a broken account of the robbery in reply to their questions.

Du Bar kept in the rear, out of the range of her glances.

"Isn't that a head just rising over the hill yonder?" said Solomon, pointing in the direction by which they expected the fugitives.

"Two of them! By Jupiter, it's the fellers we are after! Keep back, Miss Wilton. We must keep shady. They're comin' right into our hands."

It was about a quarter of a mile distant, and they were hastily advancing. They paused a moment, reconnoitering the road; then, seeing all clear, they crossed it and entered the field beyond, within a hundred yards of the concealed horsemen.

At the instant of leaving the road one of them stopped, his keen senses cognizant of danger, his eyes fixed on the wood.

"Now for it," cried Solomon.

The horses broke cover at the same instant that the outlaws, perceiving the ambush within the wood, started at a rapid run down the field.

The race was exciting. They had a good start, and the hedge was not far distant.

Animating their horses with shouts, and a plentiful use of the whip, the pursuers fiercely sped down the slight declivity, rapidly closing the gap between themselves and the fugitives. But the latter were dangerously near the hedge. There were openings at which it might be passed on foot, but the horses would have to make a considerable detour to pass it. At a short distance beyond were thickets, which led into a close forest. These once gained the outlaws were safe. The pursuers, seeing this, redoubled their exertions. But despite them the fellow whom Solomon was pursuing, with Du Bar a short distance behind, reached the hedge, and darted through a small opening to the other side, just in time to escape the stroke of the loaded whip which Solomon was swing round his head preparatory to a blow.

Mr. Howard, seeing that his quarry was on the point of escaping in a similar manner, checked his horse, and drawing his pistol, shouted:

"Halt there! A step further, and you are a dead man!"

The fugitive halted, not ten paces from the hedge, and looked back. The pistol covered him with a deadly aim. He hesitated but an instant, then flung at Howard the stolen casket, with so sure an aim that only a hasty stoop saved him from being struck in the face.

As he rose again it was but to see the outlaw bounding with a fierce plunge into the hedge. The impetus of his wild leap bore him through the close branches, and they could see him rolling down the hill beyond, then rising and running in a zigzag course, as if in dread of a bullet. A few steps brought the two robbers to the thicket, in which they disappeared.

The whole thing had passed so suddenly that no interval seemed to have elapsed from the moment of the pursuers leaving the wood till the chase ended as above described.

"Well done, Mr. Budd," cried Solomon, laughing. "You've left us the box, and that's all we want. Anything lost, Miss Wilton?" he asked the lady, who was already on the ground examining the scattered contents of the box.

"No, everything appears—oh!" she cried, in sudden excitement, "Mr. Howard, Mr. Muddle, they have robbed me of—"

"Of what?" asked Du Bar, interrupting. "It is not likely they have opened the box at all. Everything that was in it must be there now."

She looked up at him in glaring amazement, struck dumb by his impudent assurance.

"What have you missed?" asked Mr. Howard.

"The two most valuable of my papers. It cannot be too late to overtake them. I beg, implore you to aid me in their pursuit!"

"There wouldn't be a mite of good in it," said Solomon. "They're safe out of our reach."

"May not the papers have been left out?" asked Howard.

The thought crossed her mind that this might be the case. She had been examining these papers when called down by the cook. Might she not have failed to replace them in the box? Might they not be yet safely lying on her table? This idea rapidly amounted to certainty in her mind. As Du Bar had said, they would scarcely have opened and taken out part of the contents of the box. They must have been left behind.

Her excitement went down as rapidly as it had risen. She kept her surmise to herself, for fear Du Bar might devise some plan to precede her to the house and yet possess himself of the papers.

He sat his horse imperturbable of face, but glad at heart. He was sure one of the outlaws must have the papers in his pocket. They slowly returned to the grove, and, meeting the ladies, started on the homeward track.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOOSING OF LILITH.

A LEGEND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Lilith was Adam's first wife.—*Legends of the Talmud.*

She was tired of strangling the hearts of boys
With the strands of her gold-red hair:
She was tired of blighting the innocent brows
Of babies lusty and fair;
So she said unto God, "I pray Thee, Lord,
Let me wander upon the earth,
To teach new ways to the women there
Who are weary of home and hearth."

But the wonderful Mother of Christ, who sat
On the topmost step of the throne,
She looked up to God the Father and said,
When the words of Lilith were done:
"Now, for the sake of the Son I bore,
Let Thy least handmaiden speak;"
And she bowed her before the Father God
In reverence sweet and meek.

Then a great new light went flashing out
Through the mansions many and fair;
And the seraphim glanced up Godward then,
Of His sudden smiling aware;
And the dear Christ said to His mother mild,
"Beloved, the Father hears."
And Lilith, she stretched her lithe white neck
And put the hair from her ears—

For the voice of Mary was sweet and low,
Like the wind by the river of God,
And she said, "My Father, I pray Thee now
Loose not this creature abroad.
She hath troubled the sons of Adam sore,
But she hath not worked her worst;
Oh, let her not vex the daughters of Eve;
This was not written at first."

Christ looked in the Father's face, and then
Over His lips there flowed
The hidden thought of the Lord of heaven,
While the visage of Lilith glowed:
"They have forgotten thee, mother mine—
These women who deafen the earth;
Let Adam's rejected teach them now
What a brawling woman is worth."

Straight out of heaven sped Lilith then,
With a cruel scorn in her eyes—
She that was first made equal with Adam,
And that fell, being overwise.
It is not a new story now, you know:
They were too much alike to agree;
And she wrangled and fought with Adam, until
God, pitiful, set him free—

And gave him to wife the meeker Eve,
Who sinned through womanly trust,
And who, in her sorrow for sin, was like
A sweet crushed flower i' the dust.
Therefore it had come to pass that Lilith
Sore hated the daughters of Eve,
Because to their mother, beloved of Adam,
Our God had given reprieve.

Concerning the doings of Lilith on earth,
If you'll look abroad in the land,
You'll see that the caldron of wrath is stirred
By her white and devilish hand.
Wherever she findeth a woman's heart
That is easy to trap or to win,
That will none of the meekness of Mary mild,
She straightway entereth in:

And her image, it multiplieth fast—
Too fast for the peace of the world;
And Lilith meets you at every step,
Ribboned and crêped and curled.
Her marks are a skeptical, brazen brow,
And a hard and a glittering eye,
And a voice that striveth to fill the world
With its clamoring shrill and high.

Ah! do you think that a Christ could be
Born of a woman like this?
Is there any rest in the arms of such,
Whose lips are bitter to kiss?
Woe for the little children that cling,
Unwelcomed, upon their hands!
They are only thinking of how their deeds
May startle the farthest lands.

When the fire goes out on the hearth at home,
And the chamber is left unkept;
When a shadow that climbeth from heart to eye
'Twixt husband and wife hath crept;
When the wife is shy of the mother's estate,
And maidens are counting the cost—
It behooves us to think a little upon
The glory that Lilith lost.

If we go down to the root of the thing,
We shall see that they put Self first,
And that is the sin of sins, for which
Fair Lilith was greatly cursed.
They are out of the shadow of the Cross,
And Self is their idol in life;
And it is not the voice of God they hear,
But of Adam's demon wife.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"So Runs the World Away."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MILTON F. ADKINS.

Pale, dark-eyed Margaret Stephens stood at the window, looking out upon the dreary December night. Dreary to some, perhaps, but not to her; for to her everything shone in the golden glamour of young love's first sweet dream.

"Dear Robert, why does he not come?" murmured she, as the little clock upon the mantel sounded eight.

At last the tardy step was heard at the gate, and the next moment he was by her side, holding her hands in his, and calling her all the honey names that two foolish young people ever conjured up in a courtship of six months.

"Have I kept you waiting, Maggie?"

"Yes, Robert."

"That naughty old office; but then, you know, my birdie must have a nest."

"Dear, kind, good Robert," said the girl, looking tenderly up in his face, "do you know that I sometimes think my happiness is too great? that something—I cannot tell what—seems to say to me that it is only a dream, from which I must suddenly awake?"

"God forbid!" said he, solemnly, as he kissed, again and again, the lovely lips. "God forbid that my darling should ever awake from her dream!"

They were very happy in their love, these two.

Margaret had been attending school in the town of I.——, and boarding at her aunt's.

Here, at a tea-party, more than eight months ago, Robert had seen and fallen in love with her.

To-night they were to say good-by for a time, for to-morrow early Margaret would start for her home in the city.

The sweet, sad words of parting were said, the last fond kiss was taken, and he was gone.

"I will write, darling," were the last words he said; "I will write often, and soon I will come to you."

"Not if I can prevent it," hissed the voice of one, who, from a secure hiding-place, watched the farewell. "Not if I can help it—and I *will* prevent it."

The moon had risen as Robert returned to town. By the light thus afforded, he saw a tiny scrap of paper, just as the wind was flitting it across the path before him. Some indefinable impulse prompted him to catch it up.

He did not stop to read it, but carried it on, absently twisting it in his hands, while his thoughts were busy elsewhere. But in in his room that night he unrolled the little scrap and read:

"DEAR HARRY:—I am sorry not to see you before I go. I hope you will write when I get to town. Yours ever."

No name was signed to it, but there was no mistaking those delicate characters.

It was Margaret Stephens's handwriting. She whose kisses were still warm upon his lips, she upon whose love he had staked his all—aye, staked and lost, he told himself, for Harry Osburne was his rival, and for him he felt the note was intended. But how came it there? The messenger had probably dropped it, and not having been able to find it, Mr. Harry Osburne was in blissful ignorance of the favor intended him.

The next morning Robert astonished his father by requesting that he might be allowed to go to the West on some business of the firm that had been intended for a special agent. His excuse was a sudden desire to see the country.

"False, fair and fickle," muttered he as he was borne rapidly away. "But, oh! Margaret, to believe this of you!"

"Why does he not write?" said Margaret to herself, as day after day her father came home and did not bring the long-expected letter.

One night, less than a month from her return, he came home and brought, not a letter from Robert, but the lagging step, the weary face, and the throbbing head that told too plainly the same sad tale that has been told so often—that he was bankrupt, and she, who had been reared in affluence, was penniless.

Bravely she took up the burden of her misfortune—bravely she bore it, even when a week later she stood by her father's bedside, and realized that she was not only poor, but friendless and alone.

Alone, for many years before her mother had gone to the "shining shore."

From the general wreck her lawyer succeeded in saving a small pittance—not much, but still enough to buy her a small home and keep her above want.

Each day she said to herself: "Robert will hear of my misfortune and will surely write or come himself."

But day after day passed, week glided into week, but still not a word. At last, tired of "hoping against hope," she gave it up, and tried to forget him.

"It was my gold after all, and not my heart that he valued. I will forget him. He is not worth an honest woman's love." Thus she told herself, and so she tried to do; but, oh! the terrible heart-struggle.

Ten years passed. Ten long and weary years to those two aching hearts.

By his camp-fire in the Far West, a man sat reading a letter. He was tall, stout, and handsome, but bronzed by exposure to the weather. An extract from that letter ran as follows:

"I know that I am soon to die—but before I go, I must tell you of the great wrong I did you and another. Do you remember the note you found in the path as you went home that night? You thought she wrote it. So she did—but not to Henry Osburne. She had written it for the servant-girl, who pretended that it was for *her* lover. With that note in her handwriting, my course was clear. I know that I did wrong, and could not rest easy in my grave without telling you this. Forgive me, as I hope God will forgive."

There was more of the letter, but we will not read it. It was signed by Mary Stephens, Margaret's cousin. She who had watched the lovers' parting years ago, and had vowed to prevent their meeting.

Down by the sea-side stood a neat, white cottage, the home where Margaret Stephens, with her faithful old house-keeper, had found a refuge from the unfriendly out-side world.

Ten years had left their mark upon her, but she was beautiful still. Her life in her new home had been one of usefulness, if not of joy.

Many a poor fisherman's hut along the shore had been brightened in hours of need and trouble, by her gentle presence. Many a feverish head had been soothed and cooled by the magic touch of her hand.

Many a sickly appetite had been tempted by some little delicacy from the cottage on the hill.

Many were the smiles bestowed upon her by little ragged urchins in return for some trivial gift.

Returning one afternoon from one of these missions of mercy and love, she loitered long upon the cliffs.

The gentle south wind came off the sea, and wooed her dark tresses.

The sun was sinking behind a pile of golden clouds in the west.

The gentle lapping of the waves came up the cliffs with a sound sweet and soothing to her weary soul.

Aye! for she was weary she told herself, as she sat and thought. Thought of her happy childhood. Thought of her mother's love, and her father's care. Thought of the happy months when she had learned to love Robert Wyley. Thought of all the long, dreary years that had passed since then—and of her struggles to overcome that love. Thought of the grave deep down in her heart, where that love was buried. Thought of, and wondered at the pang, which even yet it cost her to bring up these fond, old memories from their hiding-place. As she thus thought, and wondered, and dreamed; thought of the past, and dreamed of the future, a strange commotion was going on among some fishermen down at the foot of the cliffs.

The tide had borne in something and thrown it upon the beach, and around that something a group of stout, bronzed and rough men were gathered.

"What is it, John?" she asked of a man who was running near her.

"A dead man, mum, has been washed ashore."

"Where?"

"Down at the foot of the cliff, mum."

Accustomed to scenes of this kind, she was soon at the foot of the cliff, kneeling beside the form that lay there upon the sand, cold and stiff. She did not utter the cry that rose to her lips, when brushing away the dark and tangled locks, she recognized the face—the face she had not seen for ten years—the face of Robert Wyley. She did not cry out, only the pale face grew paler, and her heart seemed almost to cease its beatings for a moment.

That night she knew all. The man in undressing the body found a small day-book, wet and soiled by long use, and between its leaves she found the letter written by Mary Stephens, telling of her perfidy.

All this she learned sitting by the window up in her room, while that cold form was lying in the little parlor in the cold, still sleep of death.

Again she took up the burden of her woe. But it was lighter now. Her lover had not been false, as she had thought. He was no longer lost, but only gone before. She could wait. Bravely she again went about her labors of love; sad, it is true, but no longer hopeless.

God grant that her watching and waiting may not be in vain.

☞ There is said to be only one man who has a correct idea of the size of the United States, and he is the man who, in 1850–51, drove an ox team from Maine to California.

☞ An Iowa doctor sucked the poison from a rattlesnake wound and saved a child's life.

☞ A Danbury lady stepped on a black cat while going down the cellar stairs, but didn't allow the interruption to deter her from continuing on into the cellar, and over two boxes and a tub.

☞ To keep warm of a cold day, women double the cape, and men double the horn.

A DRIVE WITH No. 40.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Laura Leigh received a telegram to the ef that her aunt, Miss Amelia Greenly, dying. But Laura was used to this sort

aps she is really dying. ... I should never orgive myself were I absent in that case. Well, to-day is Saturday, and there is no school, so I can go without inconvenience."

It was just two o'clock. There was a train for Oldham at half-past two, and another at half-past six. She would take the former, of course.

Having packed her travelling-bag, she left her pet white greyhound, Pearl, in charge of a favorite pupil, and started for the railroad depot. Her preparations had consumed very little time; but the station was a long distance from her boarding-house, and just as she reached it the cars moved along the track, leaving her standing flurried and breathless.

So her long walk had been profitless; she must wait for the 6.30 train. She was about to retrace her steps towards the boarding-house, when she met an old friend of her father's—Dr. Morely.

"Why, my dear," he said cordially "how d'ye do? I haven't seen you for an age. Take my arm, if you're not ashamed to be seen with such an ancient cavalier. In what direction are you going?"

Laura told him about the telegram, and that she had lost the train.

"Your aunt dying again? Oh, nonsense! I was at Oldham yesterday, and I stopped in to see her. She was looking quite well; this is only one of her notions. I am going to pay a visit to the Insane Asylum; I have to consult with the superintendent. Will you accompany me? I won't detain you long, and you'll have a chance of seeing some of the mad folks."

Laura had no particular desire to see the "mad folks," but she really enjoyed a chat with her genial old friend, so she agreed to go with him.

"By-the-by, my dear," said the doctor as they pursued their walk, "what do you think of Arthur Lane?"

"That's a strange question," returned Laura, "what do I think of Mr. Lane? Why, I never have thought of the gentleman at all."

The doctor eyed her attentively, and smiled a little.

"I thought he was a friend of yours. He tells me he has known you from childhood. He's a fine young fellow."

"I do not doubt it; but I notice nothing remarkable about him, and Pearl absolutely *hates* him. I am fearful that she'll bark her lungs away sometimes when he calls."

"Pearl is jealous, I perceive. But, Laura," he continued earnestly, "if Arthur should ask you to marry him—"

"Oh, indeed!" interrupted the maiden, with a little toss of her head.

"If Arthur should ask you to marry him," repeated the Doctor, "and you should consent, you'd be a rich woman in the event of my death. You know I've no kindred, and that I am not considered a poor man. Well, my money shall either be left to you, the daughter of my dearest friend, or go to the Insane Asylum, in which I am greatly interested. Now, I have set my heart on making a match between you and my protege, Arthur Lane. I know that he loves you. Now, if you consent to become his wife, I will make a will in your favor; if you reject him, my wealth will fall to the Asylum. Do you understand me, my dear?"

"Perfectly. But I don't like Mr. Lane—"

"*Dr.* Lane, now," corrected her companion.

"And all the money in the world wouldn't make me marry a man I didn't like," Laura responded, curling her pretty lip.

"And yet, my dear, you might try to like Arthur a little. He is handsome, well-educated, has a good head and heart, and he will succeed to all my practice."

"In a husband," said Laura, "I should require something more than that."

"More than that!" ejaculated the doctor. "The girls now-a-days *are* hard to please!"

"If I ever marry," resumed the young lady, "my husband must be a man of mark—a man who has accomplished some great work in life. A great general, a famous composer, or a renowned author, might win my heart; but—"

"No physician need apply," broke in the doctor, "and Arthur Lane belongs to that unfortunate class. Let's drop the subject; we have reached our destination."

The two passed up the wide avenue leading to the Asylum. Laura was afraid that her plain-speaking had offended her friend, but a look at the doctor's face soon dispelled this fear, for there was a pleasant twinkle in his eyes, and a pucker about the corners of his mouth, that showed he was rather amused than otherwise, by her expression of opinion.

After Dr. Morely had finished his business with the Superintendent, he insisted on taking Laura to see "Number 40," a favorite patient of his.

"His mind is hopelessly shattered, but he is harmless," said the doctor, "and they allow him a great deal of liberty."

They met No. 40 in one of the halls. He was a tall, powerful man, of middle age. If it were not for the the uncertain glare in his eyes, Laura, on first seeing him, would have thought him perfectly sane.

He bowed low and gracefully, as the doctor introduced him to our heroine, saying in a harsh, peculiar voice—

"I thought Pluto had carried off Proserpine, but here she is again on earth, doing mischief. How many hearts have you broken to-day, fair queen? One, at least," and he bowed again with his hand on his heart, "but it was broken long ago—long ago," he continued dreamily. Then he turned away, and spoke to the doctor.

Laura was much interested in this unfortunate man, but that look in his eye made her shudder.

"Are you sure he is not dangerous?" she asked, as they were leaving the place.

"I am certain he is not;" answered the doctor. "Now, you must come home with me and have dinner."

"I have dined already," said Laura, "we school-teachers keep very unfashionable hours."

"Well, you may as well come over, anyhow. I've all the new magazines."

The prospect of getting a peep at the new magazines, was tempting indeed, and she was soon seated in Dr. Morely's neat library enjoying that desired treat.

Two hours passed. Five o'clock came. The library-door opened, and the doctor entered, holding a telegram.

"From Oldham. Your aunt wants me. I can't go, though; I have to deliver a lecture to-night, and I will not break my engagement just to gratify a whim of hers."

How hard-hearted the doctor seemed!

"She *must* be dying this time. Oh, dear, I can't wait for the train," cried Laura, "I'll go at once. Please get me a cab, doctor."

"Certainly, my dear; but it's all nonsense. You'd better stay at home."

But Laura was resolute—and in five minutes she was in a cab, rattling over the cobble-stones.

The short winter day had faded into dusk. The cab moved with a reasonable degree of speed, but much too slowly for its impatient occupant.

It was necessary to pass the high wall of the Insane Asylum, which ran for some distance along the road that led to Oldham. The asylum gate had been reached, when Laura heard a low groan, and the carriage began to move more slowly. She looked from a window. A dark figure—it seemed to be that of the driver—was being hurled from the box. It fell almost under the wheels. She saw that the whip was being used cruelly upon the horses—but she could not see who occupied the driver's seat. The horses dashed along at full speed; the old cab creaked as if it were going to pieces.

What could this mean? Laura asked herself. Somebody was running away with her! She screamed; but what was the use of that, when the lonely road was bordered by long stretches of desolate fields? She thought of throwing herself from the carriage—but a glance at the swiftness with which the ground seemed to move beneath the wheels, deterred her from doing so.

At last she fell back exhausted and almost wild with fear. She heard a voice urging on the horses. Horror chilled her blood as she listened. It was the harsh, peculiar voice of the lunatic, No. 40!

And then she fainted.

Her senses came back slowly. She was no longer in the cab. The ceiling above, with the plaster peeling off in many places, first met her eyes. A tallow candle placed in a bottle, stood near her on the floor. She closed her eyes, and the remembrance of her late fearful ride came into her mind. She dreaded to open her eyes lest she might see *him*. Summoning all her courage she looked around. Her worst fear was realized. There he stood between her and the closed door. His face was gloomy; his eyes burned with a fierce glow, moving uneasily in their sockets.

"Ha, my lady," he said, "my mission is about to be accomplished. I will rid the world of you—you will break no more hearts, and make no more men mad. See!" He drew a razor from the bosom of his coat, and opened the door. Laura saw that the moon had risen above the distant hills. "At the hour when the moon paints the shadow of yonder elm upon the ground, then you shall die—yes, die. I have sworn to kill you. This steel shall drink your blood, and then you will break no more hearts—as mine was broken long ago."

A dead silence succeeded. Laura bowed her head and prayed. It seemed hard to die; and, in that awful way, still harder. But prayer brought a holy resignation, and she knelt on the floor, watching the moon ascend. Slowly the hours dragged on. The maniac maintained the same position. The cutting wintry blast swept into the room, but the girl scarcely felt the cold.

"The time has come!" said the madman, pointing out to the spot where the moon-beams were falling through the elm boughs, casting flickering shadows on the frost-hardened ground.

Laura felt that she was about to die. Sacred words trembled on her lips. The maniac advanced with the glittering razor. Laura uttered piercing shrieks in quick succession. The cruel instrument was raised to strike; but before it could descend a man bounded through the doorway, and with a sweeping blow felled the madman to the floor.

"Saved!" cried the clear, ringing voice of Arthur Lane. "Saved!"

The glad consciousness that this was no illusion soon brought back her self-possession. Heart and soul went up in thanksgiving.

"Poor man, he has suffered some great sorrow," she said, gazing down on the insensible madman.

"He may revive, and become unmanageable," said Arthur, taking a vial from his portable medicine-case, and applying it to the nostrils of the prostrate man. "That will keep him quiet until we reach the asylum."

"Where are we?"

"In a deserted cabin, half-way between Oldham and the city. This place was formerly occupied by some railroad laborers. I noticed a carriage in a clump of trees, farther up the road; am I right in supposing you have been waylaid by this unfortunate man? I thought that No. 40 was allowed too much liberty."

Laura explained how she had come into her present position.

"I can relieve your mind at once of any anxiety you may have felt about your aunt. She is as well as ever she was," said Arthur, after she had finished her explanation. "I was also sent for, and, thinking the case a very urgent one, I mounted Gray and started for Oldham. Your aunt met me at the door. She answered my questions by stating that 'she calc'lated on living for a week or so, at least till the mince meat was safely off her mind.' I called her an old humbug, I'm afraid, and I hope you'll apologize for me when you see her again.

"Well, I was returning from your aunt's, not in a very pleasant frame of mind, when I heard your cries."

"And I never can repay the great service you have done me," said Laura, grateful tears filling her eyes.

"Yes, you can," he said, significantly; but Laura apparently did not hear him. He left the cabin, and led the horses to the door. The insensible lunatic was placed in the carriage, and Laura, preferring not to ride inside with such company, concluded to sit beside Arthur on the box. Gray, Arthur's horse, was tied behind the cab, and they started for the city.

Laura could not help laughing at the idea of a staid schoolma'am riding in this unusual style. She was greatly comforted by the knowledge that the darkness would prevent anybody from recognizing her.

Arthur Lane was in a joyous mood, his sparkling conversation enlivened the dreary ride, and caused his companion to forget its discomfort. He had never appeared to more advantage in her eyes. Gratitude, of course, had some share in producing this feeling, but its principal cause was that Arthur Lane seemed so unlike his usual self. When she had met him in society, he had appeared stiff and constrained, and she had thought him to be a dull, plodding, self-absorbed sort of person—but now he was altogether different. Her spirits soon began to recover from the terrible shock she had received, and before they reached the city she and Arthur had become very good friends.

Arthur delivered the still insensible madman to the officers of the asylum, and then attended Laura to her boarding-house.

The next morning he came to tell her that the cabman who had been thrown from his seat by No. 40 was doing well. The fall had injured him slightly.

No. 40 seemed as harmless as ever, but more care was taken of him thenceforth.

Arthur Lane's visits became frequent. The inmates of Laura's boarding-house expected him regularly every evening. Poor Pearl was rapidly barking herself into consumption.

"You'll have to send either Arthur or Pearl away," said Dr. Morely, "and," shyly, "I think it will be the latter."

Laura tossed her head at the *idea;* however, the next day she gave Pearl to one of her pupils, saying that dogs were so troublesome. It was strange she had just found it out; but somebody's engagement ring was shining on her finger, and that *might* account for the sudden discovery.

Well, a wedding took place in time.

"I thought, my dear," said the old doctor, "you said you wouldn't marry anybody but a great general, or—"

"I've said a great many foolish things, no doubt," returned Laura, composedly cutting the first slice from the wedding cake, "but I never said I wouldn't change my mind."

Just then a hamper was brought in, addressed to Mrs. Arthur Lane. It contained sausages and a note from Aunt Amelia.

"When I feel another spell of goneness coming on (the note said), I'll let you know the day before, then I hope you won't travel at night."

And No. 40, who had indirectly contributed to this happy finale, was not forgotten when the cake came to be distributed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACQUITTAL OF MRS. WHARTON.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 24.—At ten minutes of ten o'clock this morning the chief judge was informed that the jury had agreed. The court room was soon filled by an eager crowd, but few ladies being present. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock Mrs. Wharton and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Crawford Neilson, entered the court room. Mrs. Nugent and Miss Rosa Neilson were also present. Mrs. Wharton, her daughter and her friends appeared in good spirits, as the favorable character of the verdict was known to them.

Previous to the entry of the jury in the court room, Chief Judge Miller admonished the audience that no manifestation of approval or disapproval would be permitted on the rendering of the verdict. After the jury had entered and taken their seats, for a few minutes a stillness pervaded the room as solemn as ever witnessed at a death-bed scene. Mrs. Wharton was standing in the prisoner's box, with Mr. Crawford Neilson at her side, and by them stood Miss Nellie Wharton, with Mr. Thomas, one of the counsel.

The oppressive silence was broken by the calling of the jury by the clerk, and their answering. Colonel Harwood, the clerk, then said, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" There was a nod of assent by the jurors.

Clerk—"Who shall answer for you?"

A juror answered—"Our foreman."

Mrs. Wharton was then directed to raise her right hand.

Clerk—"Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Now say, is she guilty of the matter whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty?"

Franklin Deale—"Not guilty."

As the foreman answered there was a slight manifestation of applause, which was instantaneously checked by the court and the bailiffs. Every eye was fixed upon the prisoner, who still stood calm and apparently unmoved. But through the heavy black veil, which was not displaced, tears could be seen streaming down her sad pallid face. Otherwise there was no sign of emotion. Miss Nellie wept, and was deeply affected when Mrs. Wharton left the prisoner's box. Mr. Steele, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hagner, her counsel, each shook her hand with brief words of congratulation. Her friends present also took her hand, expressing gratification at the result of the trial.

It is understood that before agreeing the jury stood eight for acquittal and four were not fully determined on their verdict. It was first decided that they would agree, and not go in a hung jury. During the time they were out five ballots were taken, after which a verdict of not guilty was agreed to. Before adjourning it was understood between the court and counsel that the trial of Mrs. Wharton on the indictment for an attempt to poison Mr. Van Ness would come off at the regular term of the court in April.

Mr Steele asked that the court fix the amount of bail for her appearance with due consideration to the circumstances of Mrs. Wharton. The court fixed the bail at $5,000 on Mrs. Wharton's personal recognizance, and $2,500 each of two securities. Mrs. Wharton then acknowledged her recognizance, and Mr. J. Crawford Neilson and Miss Nellie Wharton became her sureties in $2,500 each. The court then adjourned.

Mrs. Wharton left the room leaning on the arm of Mr. Steele, and Miss Nellie on that of Mr. Thomas. Mrs. Wharton will remain in Annapolis a few days at the house of a friend.

During the trial sixty-six witnesses were summoned and fifty-six sworn. The cost of the trial has been about $16,000.

The Philadelphia Ledger comments as follows:

The trial of Mrs. Wharton on the charge of murdering General Ketchum by poison, which commenced at Annapolis on the 4th of last December, was concluded yesterday morning by a verdict of acquittal. It lasted seven weeks and three days, and will take rank among the most memorable cases on record. The case was extraordinary in all its surroundings. An accomplished woman, moving in the most refined circles of society, remarkable for the amenity of her manners and the amiability of her disposition, was suddenly accused of being an habitual poisoner, the groundwork of the accusation being the sudden death of a guest in her house, after a brief and violent illness, and the extremely dangerous illness of another visitor to her house at the same time. These and other circumstances led not only to the accusation of murder, but to numerous publications purporting to be narratives of other extraordinary events in Mrs. Wharton's career, and her name was freely coupled with that of Lucretia Borgia. Parties were arrayed both against her and for her. Then came the removal of the trial of the cause from Baltimore, where she lived and where General Ketchum died, to Annapolis, and an array of the strongest counsel from the bar of Maryland on both sides, the prosecution and the defence being managed with masterly ability. During the whole seven weeks the interest in the proceedings has never flagged, though the almost universal expectation has been from the time when the strength of the defence was first developed, that the jury could not bring a verdict of guilty.

This anticipation has been fulfilled. And now, having abstained from joining in the assumption that Mrs. Wharton must of course be guilty, we shall equally abstain from any sentimentality on the other side. Those who read the testimony for the prosecution can hardly have failed to come to the conclusion that the case was one which demanded trial by a Court and Jury; and those who have been careful enough to read the testimony for the defence must by this time be aware what lamentable mistakes may be made by those who make up their judgments without hearing both sides in a case like this. No jury of intelligent and conscientious men could come to any other conclusion upon the voluminous and conflicting testimony in this case, than that the testimony did not warrant a conviction.

HOW STOKES IS GETTING ALONG.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The arraignment of Edward S. Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, was to have taken place to-day at the Oyer and Terminer, but Judge Ingraham was sick at home, and Judge Cardozo adjourned the court to next Monday. Stokes bore himself with his usual coolness, but was rather wheezy with asthma, combined with a cold. He desires an immediate trial, and is confident of acquittal—but his counsel prefer delay. He is getting tired of his Tombs lodging, and is becoming very restless. He needs exercise, and petitions the warden for a little of it every day, but the warden declines. He says he wants to get behind a pair of horses again in Harlem lane.

All sorts of reports are in circulation as to the line of defence in the Stokes case, most of which, it is probable, rest upon mere conjecture. One is, that Mr. Graham will show that Fisk must have shot himself; another, that the assassination was justifiable homicide, as Stokes was apprehensive that his own life was in peril. But, as already stated, the great aim at the start will be to gain further time.

MISSOURI.

MOVEMENTS OF ALEXIS AND SUITE.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.—The Grand Duke Alexis and suite have been very quiet since their arrival from the Plains, and have devoted their time to private affairs. A special messenger arrived here from St. Petersburg with a budget of letters, a day or two ago, and the party have been mainly engaged with their correspondence since. They leave here next Monday night, at nine o'clock, for Louisville. Thence, it is understood, they visit the Mammoth Cave, and then proceed to Memphis by rail, on Thursday night.

DARING ROBBERY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The highwaymen of this city ply their nefarious business on the most crowded thoroughfares during the busiest hours of the day, in a way that shows most conclusively that they have little or no fear of the police, who are supposed to guard the persons and property of the honest folk who perambulate the streets.

Mr. John Rossell, the messenger of the Metropolitan National Bank, was walking down Broadway yesterday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. He had visited the Central, the Shoe and Leather, the Chemical and the Merchants' Banks, and had received $23,169.53 in gold certificates, which he had placed in his wallet with other papers, checks and drafts valued at over $60,000. The book was placed in an inner pocket of his coat.

Mr. Rossell mingled in the crowd that thronged Broadway, and walked down along until he approached Murray street, where a crowd which had gathered around some workmen digging the foundations of a new building obstructed the sidewalk. In the confusion Mr. Rossell was pushed along with the crowd around him, when suddenly a large man stepped in front of him. Some pungent substance, like ammonia, was thrown in his eyes, and while utterly bewildered and blinded, he felt some one seizing him by the coat, and snatching the wallet from the pocket, the ruffian then ran away and disappeared. It all was done so quickly that no defence was possible, and some confederate must have aided the robber, as the crowd did not know what was doing until after it had occurred.

Mr. Rossell is a venerable man of sixty years, and is highly esteemed for his upright character. The assault has shocked him not a little, and his eyes are considerably inflamed from the vicious substance which was thrown in his face.

The police were not at hand to make any attempt to arrest the perpetrators of the crime, and knew nothing about it until evening. A large reward has been offered by the cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank, Mr. George I. Seney, for the recovery of the property.

SEA COAST DEFENSES.

ARMING OF FORT SUMTER, MOULTRIE AND PULASKI.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 22.—The News this morning announces that the work of putting Forts Sumpter and Moultrie in a defensive condition will begin immediately. The contractors will commence the mounting of forty heavy guns to-day. Fort Pulaski, below Savannah, is also to be strengthened with extensive earthworks and guns of greater calibre. Capt. Renshaw, who has been on leave here, has been ordered at once to the command of the steamer Wahsatch of the South Atlantic squadron. The News attributes these movements to apprehensions of trouble with Spain.

DEPARTURE OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

The four vessels comprising the Russian fleet that accompanied Alexis to these shores, received orders to sail from New York on the 22d of Jan. The men were therefore got together, and everything being in readiness, the fleet passed Staten Island at about 7 o'clock the next morning, outward bound. They will proceed to Pensacola, where Alexis and his suite are expected to embark, and thence sail for Havana. The voyage round the world then commences.

ITEMS.

The Russian Minister Catacazy and his wife are homeward bound.

Horace Greeley's sixty-first birthday will be celebrated February 3.

It is reported that the small-pox is raging fearfully at Thayer, Iowa. The population is less than one thousand. Over sixty deaths have occurred within four weeks. Almost every person in the town is stricken down with the disease. No trains are allowed to stop there.

There was a fat man's ball in New York on Jan. 19, at Irving Hall. The heaviest man on the floor was one Samuel C. McGraw. He weighed 345 pounds. Brigadier-General King, of Pittston, Pa., weighed 290 pounds. He was among the heaviest.

A characteristic story is told of the late James Fisk. As soon as he perceived that Stokes was rivalling him in the regard of Mrs. Mansfield, he told the lady that Erie stock was going up on a certain day, knowing that she would inform her new lover of the fact. She did so. Stokes bought heavily and borrowed largely. Fisk manipulated it down, and Stokes lost $100,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A HEAVY STORM.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—A severe storm commenced yesterday evening, and lasted all night, raging with great violence. The gale at times became a hurricane, and rain poured down in torrents, flooding the lower portions of the city. The Parliament building was damaged, the water penetrating the roof in several places and injuring the decorations and furniture.

The weather reports show that the storm extended throughout the British Isles, and reached some portions of the Continent. The telegraph wires are prostrated in various directions, and communications interrupted. In the Channel and on the Irish coast the storm was excessively severe. Serious disasters to shipping are feared, although, partly owing to the derangement of the wires, no wrecks are yet reported.

MURDERER RESPITED—THE GREAT STORM.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Christiana Edmunds, the poisoner, under sentence of death, has received a respite.

In the storm of yesterday and preceding night the rain-fall was extraordinary. The streams in the south of England overflowed their banks, and whole villages are deluged. Great damage has been done to property, especially in the Valley of the Severn, where the flood was widespread and devastation extensive. The Thames also rose above its banks, and the town of Windsor has suffered severely. The effects of the freshet were felt even in London. The upper portion of the city on the river was flooded, and the loss of property and interruption to business are quite serious.

IMPORTANT RECORDS SOUGHT.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Lady Franklin has offered a reward of £2000 for the recovery of the records of the *Erebus* or *Terror*, supposed to have been deposited in King William's Land.

RUSSIA.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—A despatch from St. Petersburg, announces the issue of an Imperial decree subjecting all male citizens of Russia to military service.

POLAND'S PRIMARY SCHOOL LANGUAGE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 25.—By direction of the CZAR, a decree has been issued making compulsory the use of the Russian language in the primary schools of Poland.

ITALY.

THE POPE ADVISED TO LEAVE ROME.

ROME, Jan. 25.—Notwithstanding the disinclination of the Pope to leave Rome, his advisers are urging him to quit the city and establish the Holy See in some other locality.

FRANCE.

A TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—A despatch from Nice reports a terrible railway accident at that city to-day. While the train from Cannes was crossing a bridge over Paglivue river, the structure gave way and the cars were precipitated into the water. When the confusion attendant upon the accident had subsided, it was ascertained that fourteen persons had been killed and wounded.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head, and sold at 7½@8¾c. 200 Cows brought $50@70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at 5½@7¾c. ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at $7@7½ ₩ 100 lbs net.

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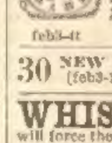

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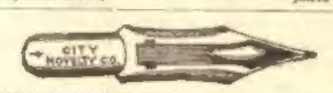

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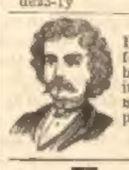

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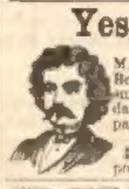

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SOMETHING OF A STONE.

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Jerseyman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and it's pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it wur a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance—how long was it?"

"Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."

ST. FRANCIS.

A Cordelier, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him, in his discourse, above all the other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed:

"Where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? he is greater in dignity than all other saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? oh! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him with the patriarchs? oh! he is greater than the patriarchs."

In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangles, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions and powers; and still he exclaimed:

"Where shall we place him? where shall we place this holy saint?"

A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up and said: "If you really don't know where to place him, you may put him in my seat, for I am going."

A LOVER'S REMORSE.

Here's a true tale of woe; all about a beautiful and abandoned wife. She married a wretch who loved her money not wisely, but too well. When he got the money he loved somebody else, and departed for the "rolling prairies of the West." His earthly possessions were burnt up in the Chicago fire, and then he came back to New York and put up at the Astor House, without a cent in his pocket. Remorse seized him (it must have been remorse), and ascertaining the address of his lawful partner, he thus wrote to her:

"I am here penniless. Forgive the past, and come to my arms again."

This is what she wrote back:

"I'll come as soon as I can. Excuse delay. I've gone to have a loaded head put on the cane you left."

He didn't wait. Remorse seized him again and carried him off.

A KNOWING INSECT.

A correspondent of a New York paper relates a touching instance of insect instinct, as follows: I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick up on one end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat a-fishing. The cockroach, exhausted, had fallen asleep. The sight melted me to tears. I never had to chew leather to get a soul. I was born with one. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel and left. That animal never forgot that act of kindness, and now my house is chuck full of cockroaches.

WHY SHE LOVED HIM.—A sentimental young lady lost a curly poodle, on which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the poodle had departed this transitory life, Fridolina was seen to contemplate with great pensiveness the countenance of a be-whiskered and be-ringleted young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her maiden aunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so at young Frizly; he'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like Moppets!"

A NEW YORK mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "out West," and hearing he was becoming "well to do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply which effectually extinguished any hope they had entertained of receiving their money. It ran this wise: "Gents:—You will never get any spondulics from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary a tile, his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to *seed a gun!*"

A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—Marriage ceremony as too often performed:

Clergyman (to lady)—"Wilt thou take this noble-mansion-carriage-jewels-self-wheeling-bathchair-flannels-pillows-and-all-appliances-for-the-gout to be thy wedded husband?"

"I will."

Clergyman (to gentleman)—"Wilt thou take this bale-of-cott n-Muscovite-chignon-Grecian-bend-and-high-heeled-shoes to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will."

ON ONE of the recent cold nights a Nashua lady put her two boys in bed in a cold room, and sat down on the edge of the bed to hear them say their prayers. Johnny got through and cuddled up to Willie, who had just commenced. Presently Willie began to hurry, the words came faster than he could distinctly utter them, and the prayer ended thus: "I pray the Lord my soul to keep amen—take your hand off 'm me or I'll warm your ear for you." Johnny was trying to tickle him.

THE following is sung in some Western Sunday-schools, to the tune of "Shoo Fly:"

"Sa-tan, don't bodder me—
Sa-tan, don't bodder me;
Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
For I belong to Company G.

"I hear, I hear, I hear,
I hear de organ tones:
I feel, I feel, I feel
Religion in my bones!
Satan, don't bodder me!" etc.

"VAKE, lady, vake! The moon is high, twinkling stars are beamin', while now and then, across the sky, a meteor are streamin'! Vake, Sally, vake, and look on me—awake, Squire Nobbin's daughter! If I'll have you, and you'll have me—(by gosh! who threw that water?")

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot to erect an asylum for useless young men. The only trouble, which the "committee" fear will be insurmountable, is that of getting the building large enough.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 11.

UP THE ALPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"Evidently at some past period this region was volcanic," said Rawdon, one morning, as we were passing from the camp to the mines, and at the same time inspecting a handful of ashes, which he had scooped up as he walked onward. "We may even now be picking away on the crust of a slumbering volcano."

Rawdon was by no means a counterpart of the general miner. He had seen much of the world; had spent many years in travel, and was in this wild bit of country more for exciting adventure than with the idea of digging out a fortune. We had known but little about him until among some fresh arrivals up from San Francisco, a fine, gentlemanly fellow had been joyfully surprised in finding an old fellow traveller in our camp. After that Philip Larcom messed with us, and from him we learned that Rawdon had travelled much and published two or three books, even hinting that his tarry in that vicinity might signify, in printer's parlance, "more copy."

In our evenings' conversations we found Rawdon capable of entertaining and instructing the best of us. Not pompously, but with infinite good nature and perfect ease he answered our every question, or if unable to give us decided information, he gracefully acknowledged it. And amidst our admiration of his superlative good qualities, we found ourselves wondering why, unless Larcom had got at his motives, he should remain in a locality containing such an element of uncongenial material.

One day when the rain was pouring in torrents, and we had been mired in trying to get up to our sluices, for the sahy nature of the soil made it as difficult when wet to get through as quicksand, we got an item of Rawdon's private experience.

It came about in this manner: The majority of the camp were puffing away like minature smoke-stacks, though Doles, as usual on such occasions, was doing the fallen column, or stack, stretched out with his hands locked under his head.

He had told the last tale, he affirmed, and was awaiting remuneration in the same coin.

"By the way, Rawdon, what ever became of that meerschaum of yours which you bought at the same time that I secured its twin of the old German General at Holstein."

"I might as well come the Yankee dodge and answer your question by asking another. What became of yours?"

"Oh," answered Larcom, laughing. "That pipe of mine did a vast amount of travelling. It looked with its fiery eye askance at the pyramids, dipped with me along the serpent-bordered waters of the Nile, burned its small pile of incense along the storied Rhine. It yearned pensively and dropped an ash by the ashes of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It wended its way past the 'lighthouse of the Mediterranean.' It lowered about Mecca and Medina, and at last when in poetic mood, by the Caspian, immortalized by Moore's liquid verse—my jaws relaxed their hold, my pipe fell into the sea."

"Quite a history," remarked Rawdon, "Mine committed suicide."

A general laugh followed the grave announcement.

"Truth, boys; as I stood on London bridge my heretofore cheerful pipe leaped from my lips into the Thames. A clear case of voluntary suicide."

"You had quite an adventure after I left the party, Fitzhugh wrote me."

"Did I? Let me see, soon after you left our party we made the ascent—I attempted it, rather—of Mont Blanc."

"Yes, that was what Fitzhugh spoke of in his letter. Tell us about it."

"One can hardly hope to do justice to anything which he tells of Switzerland. The country must be seen to be appreciated, and must be seen by an artist eye and appreciated by a soul endowed with deep, religious appreciativeness of the miracles which God alone could create, to get the faintest conception of its wild, wonderful and magnificent scenery. So sudden and varied are the changes which the eye beholds, that it seems more like a fairy land floating in the unreal mirage of a dream than like anything real.

"The great height and magnitude of the mountains, glistening with eternal snow, the awful chasms opening between them, the bolt upright precipices, the dark ravines, with here and there a shadowed pool or lake, and the fertile valleys blooming in luxuriance, combine to make a picture of rare excellence and unsurpassed beauty.

"Seen on a cloudless day, the glistening glaciers piled up and pointed in rare and fantastic form, dazzle the eye and fill the soul with wonder. Here a snow-white city lifts its spires and glistening pinnacles in frozen silence like a mighty petrifaction. There, huge columns, like leaning towers of marble, catch the sun's glare on their polished surfaces. Again one sees groups of marvelous statuary—figures standing, leaning, and seemingly in death-like repose.

"I had spent much of the winter of 18— in Geneva, finding it possessed among its citizens many of the most learned and scientific men of Europe. From this place the view of the Alps is unsurpassed. Towards spring parties of travellers passing through the place made me restless, and I also moved forward. As our little party moved on towards the hamlet where we were intending to tarry a few days and await a propitious time for ascending Mont Blanc, I was so unfortunate as to get mounted upon the only treacherous steed in the lot. Never did Pegasus throw his rider with less warning than my beast threw me. I escaped with, as I thought, the trifling injury of a sprained wrist. But I got deceived in judging that a sprained wrist was but a trifle, for my hand began to swell and grow discolored, my thumb might as well have been a pine knot for all the feeling there was in it, and my wrist was exceedingly painful—my right wrist, too. My fellow travellers kindly waited several days for me to make the ascent with them; but finding that my lame member mended slowly, they grew impatient and went on without me. This, however, was not so bad as one might think at first, for parties of my countrymen were coming up every week or two, and I should not lack company. The tediousness of my stay at —— was very much brightened by the kind attentions of my host's daughter, pretty Jenny Dessonnard."

Here Doles took occasion to raise his head, and staring fixedly for a moment at the speaker, he sank back into his old position without a word. He thought evidently that here was another one who could not prepare a mental dish without hashing a girl in with it.

"However," the speaker continued, "I became impatient of delay, and no sooner did cautious people suggest the impracticability of my attempting the ascent at all, urging as objections the late and dangerous season of the year, and the inconvenient stiffness of my wrist, than I made up my mind to risk the undertaking at all hazards. This unhappy trait of character lies dormant, or is active, in every nature.

A HARD CASE.

PARSON.—"What's a miracle?"

BOY.—"Dunno."

PARSON.—"Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night, what should you say it was?"

BOY.—"The moon."

PARSON.—"But if you were *told* it was the sun, what should you say it was?"

BOY.—"A lie."

PARSON.—"*I* don't tell lies. Suppose *I* told you it was the sun; what would you say *then?*"

BOY.—"That yer wasn't sober!"

"The arrival in the hamlet, one night, of a famous naturalist and several of my countrymen, accompanied by the noted guides, Coutet and Devoriassond, decided me to no longer postpone the enterprise. My host argued against it in vain, and at last desisted.

"Delighted with the new arrivals, with whom I intended to travel forward, we remained out late in the evening to view the beautiful scenery by moonlight. Mystic turret, tower and pinnacle were tipped with glistening and effulgent light.

"An hour or so before midnight, while my eyes were riveted upon a point far up the dazzling heights, where reposed a garden of statuary, while all the postures of uprightness, leaning over, and reclining at full-length, were clearly defined, I thought to myself, 'what a disagreeable effect this long gazing, even by moonlight, has upon the organs of sight—because I got the impression that the petrified groups were moving. I looked away, rubbed my eyes, and looked back again. The delusion still existed, and seemed so real, that I touched De Vare's arm.

"'Do you notice anything unusual, sir, beyond the Cone, towards the Chamonix?'

"He gazed steadfastly for a time, and then spoke to the guide. Coutet sprang to his feet with a yell.

"'An avalanche! an avalanche!' shouted the guide, in stentorian tones.

"Every one sprang to his feet, and with divers ejaculations took a position to watch the descent. First, the movement was so gradual as hardly to be noticed, but, gathering power with its progress, it soon increased its speed until a dull roar was distinguishable.

"'What is its course?' anxiously inquired our host, of De Vare.

"'Towards us, direct,' answered the imperturbable traveller.

"We were filled with consternation; and as the roar increased the villagers rushed from their beds in terror, and shrieks of 'The avalanche! the avalanche!' arose on all sides.

"I stood rooted to the spot. The thunder increased and neared us. Vast acres of the solid mountain-side were slipping with fearful rapidity towards us.

"'The pinnacle yonder,' said the immovable De Vare, 'will save us. The avalanche strikes it, shaves the irregularities from its side, shoots it many angles to the right, saving us at the expense of some other hamlet.'

"He was right. The death-dealing mass of ice rushed away into the valley beyond.

"'A dangerous season to make an ascent,' said every one, but we resolved to try it.

"Early on the morning of the 17th, a party of six, accompanied by the before-named guides, started upon the perilous undertaking. After proceeding a short distance, we were halted by our guides, who tied us together, with sufficient space between us to allow of uninterrupted movements, then in turn we were fastened to the guides. It is doubtful if one in a score would safely return unless this precaution were taken, for there was a continual tripping of heels. First one, then another, slipping and falling upon the glaciers.

"If one had got the idea that there was either ease or comfort in the enterprise, it was speedily dispelled by actual experience.

"Shelves of rock met us everywhere, along which we had to crawl on our hands and knees; precipices towered above, up which our weary way was made by footholds cut with the hatchets of our guides. Terrifying chasms yawned on either side. Mysterious fissures, whose bottom and depth was lost in distance had to be leaped over with the assistance of guide and staff.

"As we ascended the air became more rare, and the nose smarted with every inhalation. We made a tortuous way, winding back and forth to escape chasms and evade towers of ice, or tremblingly crossing abysses on frail bridges of snow that might crumble at any step.

"We had a toilsome day, and did not succeed in making a very great distance, for my wrist troubled me after a few hours exertions with it, and began to swell somewhat. However, we pitched upon a place to spend the night, it being partially sheltered from the cutting wind; and while Coutet prepared the supper, I climbed upon a pinnacle to take in the magnificent view stretched abroad before my eye. It cannot be described except in faint outlines. Far below these icy fields, reposed the verdant vales teeming with beauty and life; and placid Leman, like a sea of glass, sparkled in the sunlight, while Jura's distant hills were well defined against the clear sky.

"The solemn stillness of the night that fell upon us, broken at intervals by the indescribable crash of the crunching avalanches descending on every side, is beyond description.

"In the morning we awoke refreshed and resumed the ascent, although I found great inconvenience from my sore and stiff wrist, and was obliged to carry my staff in the other hand.

"Not to linger on details, we, at last, after much suffering and danger, reached the goal which we sought. But I would say that if one undertakes this or a similar enterprise with the fond delusion that through it all he can maintain a dignified manner, he will find the fond delusion vanish.

"Many a chasm the traveller must cross on the horizontal. The sure feet of the guide crosses a narrow isthmus of snow, which he is fearful an untrained foot may slip upon; therefore the traveller must submit to the prostrate position and be hauled across, his head taking the position of a ploughshare and leaving a broad furrow ploughed for the next comer to slide into. Again, the tension of the nerves will ere many hours cause the legs to buckle and bend in exact imitation of a devotee of Bacchus.

"We encountered a thunder tempest, too, when it seemed as if the whole Alps were splitting from base to peak, so heavy were the frequent detonations. But we were safely up and back, having met with many incidents, but no accidents, and were within a mile of the hamlet from which we had started, when the nearness of our journey's end tendered to make us careless. Holding my staff somewhat heedlessly with my left hand, it so unexpectedly caught in a small fissure that my feet slipped from under me, and I fell. The smart jerk upon the rope drew out the knot which must have been undoing for some time, and being at the end of the cord I found myself loosed from the whole party and descending the precipitous glacier with fearful velocity.

"Instantly a cry of horror from above announced that the accident had been discovered, but I was beyond their aid.

"I should in vain attempt to portray my feelings. That I was not instantly killed in striking at the foot of the precipice, down which I had first descended, was owing to my position of feet foremost, but the shock of the concussion left a feeling of paralysis. A quarter of a mile before me there yawned a fissure. My staff I still retained, only the point had caught and broken off, at the same time propelling me in a different angle, directly towards this fissure.

"Down directly into its yawning upper end I went, my staff catching feebly at the jagged walls. No doubt the fissure was hundreds of feet in depth, but it was not for me to sound the bottom.

"The rains and thawing of spring, the catching and splintering of crumbling avalanches, had poured tons of shelly ice directly into the mouth of the chasm, and aside from being severely scratched by the sharp particles, and being stunned by the force of my stopping, after the rapidity of the descent, I was not seriously injured when I landed, forty feet down the fissure, in a well-like aperture of rattling, shelly ice. However, from divers causes, I became unconscious, and will tell you the rest as De Vare told me.

"Horrified as the whole party were, yet each person made the descent as rapidly as possible, and hurried forward to the hamlet to procure lights (for night had set in) and ropes to return to my assistance.

"'To secure the body of the poor gentleman,' the guides said.

"'Man lost in a chasm! Man lost,' spread the cry, like wild-fire, and the pitying villagers hastened together to talk over the sad event.

"In an hour's time the two guides, De Vare, and Moulett, another guide, were ready to ascend the slight distance to the point where the accident happened. Just outside the hamlet they were surprised to be joined by Jenny Dessonnard. She was known to be as fleet of foot as a chamois, and no one disputed her right to accompany the party. They toiled up to the fissure where I had disappeared and then held a consultation. Was it best to lower a lamp? Doubtless the depth would make such a proceeding useless. Should one of the men be lowered by the others? This was an expedition not to be coveted. The party consisted wholly of large, heavy men, which would make the grinding of the rope instant destruction; and, at any rate, would be attended by great danger even to those who held the ropes. Yet there was no other alternative.

"Here young Jenny stepped forward and began uncoiling the rope.

"'M. Coutet is to fasten this about me,' she said. 'I came for the purpose of descending the fissure.'

"They tried to dissuade her.

"'If you will not secure me, I will tie it myself,' she spiritedly affirmed.

"They yielded the point at last after five minutes of argument. With the rope fastened about her, and the lamp strapped to her breast, the intrepid girl was slowly swung into the fissure. With her staff, steel pointed at each end, she kept herself from striking against the jagged sides. In twenty minutes she signaled to be hauled up—then signaled them to stop. She had touched the bottom of the crevice, which was wonderfully shallow, and not finding my body, she conjectured that it must have lodged somewhere above.

While they waited, her lamp had streamed into the basin and discovered me. She did not stop to ascertain if I were dead, but taking the lines which she had brought, she bound me to her—wrapping her mantle about my head, lest in some manner it might beat against the walls of the chasm; and signalled them to draw us up.

"The brave girl and myself were borne back to the hamlet—where, although still, unconscious, I was found to be living.

"My escape was marvelous; and by kind care, I was soon restored to my usual health—and in two weeks moved on towards the Rhine."

Doles here made the peak of Tenariffe with his left eyebrow, stared at his pipe-bowl, and questioned,

"What of Jenny?"

"De Vare wrote me a year later, that he had just danced at her wedding."

"Zounds!"

"She married Coutet."

Answers to Correspondents.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—A correspondent asks "if additions can be made to clubs at the same rate." Yes.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

Do not write to us asking whether you shall send on your manuscripts for examination—but send them on at once.

RAMIE (Texas) writes: "Tell me something about the Ramie plant, which a year or two ago was going to do away with cotton, and make a new staple for the country. Any information about it will be gladly received." The China or Sea grass, known in this country as the Ramie, has been successfully cultivated in your state, and is likely to prove a useful substitute for cotton. The plant is said to be hardier than cotton, and more cheaply cultivated, and to be free from the attacks of insects. The cloth made from it is considered more durable as a wearing material than any other textile used for clothing. It is not new as a material for textile fabrics. Summer coats known formerly as sea grass were made from it. Handkerchiefs, fine as cambric, are made from it in Manilla. It is also mixed with wool and silk in the manufacture of certain favorite styles of goods.

S. H., (New Goshen, Ind.), writes: "I will trouble you with a few questions. In the first place, can you tell me when my subscription expires? I have forgotten. Second, Is it not etiquette for the gentleman to precede the lady in going into church, so that he may show her into the pew, or find her a seat if there are no pews? Third, Do you find my story and poem acceptable?" Your subscription expires on February 19, 1872. We accept your story with thanks. The poem we are obliged to decline. In entering church the lady should precede the gentleman.

A. C. H. (Pottstown, Pa.,) writes: "What theory is now entertained about the November meteors? And is anything known about them at all reliable? I have seen many statements concerning them, but these are, I think, contradictory, and I am in doubt if there is any certain knowledge concerning them." Of course the ideas of scientists concerning them are yet in the realm of hypothesis; but some very interesting facts have been clearly discovered which may soon lead to a reliable theory of their character and connections. There is much reason already to believe that they form part of a great ring of meteoric bodies, crossing the earth's orbit, and rotating in about thirty-three years. This ring is probably very rich in meteors in a limited portion of its extent, and thinly composed in the remainder, and there is reason to suppose that many similar rings exist.

E. F. G., (Glendinning Farm,) writes: "Since you have been so kind about answering questions, I will venture to ask a few. I heard some ladies disputing about the origin of the expression 'Richard is himself again;' will you tell me? Another: 'The mills of the Gods grind slowly,' where is it to be found? I don't know whether I have quoted it correctly or not. You may have answered these questions before, I don't remember. If you have, please don't say I am not an old subscriber or I would have seen; for I am, as the walls and book shelves surrounding me will testify." We are glad to hear that you have such good taste, and hope you will continue to display similar excellent judgment. We shall certainly not accuse you of being a new subscriber, because you have failed to remember all the bits of congealed wisdom to which we have treated our friends. The phrase "Richard's himself again" occurs in the acting copy of Shakespeare's "Richard III." After shaking off the effects of a dream in which he saw the ghosts of all whom he had murdered, he is made to use this expression. It was not written by Shakespeare, but was interpolated from Colly Cibber by John Kemble.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

is a translation by Longfellow, we believe—from the *Sinngedichte* of Freidrich von Logau.

MAGGIE asks: "Please answer in your correspondents' column, and tell me the names of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States who have resigned their positions before the close of their respective terms. Also if 'Pink and White Tyranny' is published in book form." No President of the United States has resigned his position. The only vacancies in the presidential chair have been made by deaths as in the case of Presidents Harrison, Taylor and Lincoln. Vice President Calhoun resigned his position in 1832, in consequence of the decided action taken by Andrew Jackson in the nullification troubles. The work you mention has been out in book form for some time.

INQUIRER writes: "I wish to ask a question through your correspondent's column. I see it stated by some papers that if manuscript is left unsealed, and marked 'Author's MSS,' it can be mailed at newspaper or pamphlet rates—two cents for every four ounces. Others say that unless it is prepaid at letter rates—three cents for every half ounce, it will not be delivered. Which is the correct way?" The law uses the phrase "Book Manuscripts," to designate the class of mail matter referred to in your question. The meaning of this being questioned, the Post-Office authorities have declared that it refers only to matter mailed to publishers, to be printed in book form, and that it does not include matter intended to form part of a book as magazine articles, much less newspaper contributions. The Post-Office authorities in this matter are clearly wrong, so far as contributions to magazines are concerned. Still as they have the power to enforce their interpretation of the law, it is rather unsafe to act upon the opposite view. The law should be altered, to include all authors' manuscripts.

A. S. H., (Kansas,) writes: "What do you think will eventually be done with the lands in Kansas, the title of which is in dispute?" We are not prophets enough to tell anything that will happen in the future, or at least anything so uncertain as a disputed title. Our correspondent will have to possess his soul in patience, and await the slow decision of time and the law on the point in question.

KITTY (North Haven,) writes: "Please inform a subscriber of the Post through your columns what the disease called Kleptomania is? What are the symptoms? And how is the word pronounced?" Kleptomania means an irresistible desire to steal, in cases strongly indicating that it results from a mental disease in the parties. As an instance, we may mention the case of an English baronet, rich and highly respected, who stole old iron and broken crockery in the greatest quantities. Another case is that of a clergyman, who stole hundreds of copies of the Bible, for no ostensible reason. The Kleptomaniac thus steals things useless to himself, often openly, selling no value on them afterward, yet continuing to steal though knowing that his habit has been made public. The pronunciation is Klep'to-mainie.

LOULY (Smyrna, Pa.,) "Wishes to know if it is right for first cousins to marry." We cannot answer as to the absolute right or wrong of a matter concerning which there is such a variety of opinions. We can only say that it is doubtful in our view of the case. We do not base this answer on any opinion of the abstract right or wrong of such marriages, but from what we know of their frequent results. Of two marriages of first cousins, of which we are at present cognizant, the two children of one are unable to use their limbs, and the six children of the other were all born blind. Still there are other cases in which the children of first cousins are just as sound and healthy as other children. In all probability the natural law is this—that persons who resemble each other closely, in possessing the same classes of weaknesses or defects, should not marry, as the natural tendency would be to deepen those defects in their children. The objection to the marriage of first cousins thus would be, the probability of their possessing the same classes of bodily and mental deficiencies. If both parties were perfectly developed in mind and body, no harm would probably result from the mere fact of their being closely related by blood. Thus, in conformity with this view, some of the finest varieties of the domestic animals are the result of the closest in-and-in breeding. And, if the whole world be descended from a single perfect pair, this view would account for such a fact being possible, without entailing lasting evil upon the race; as also for the same thing which was expedient and right in the beginning of the world, being inexpedient and wrong now. On the whole, and as things are now, we consider the fact of first cousinship as involving a large risk in matrimony—and we think the risk or unhappiness already sufficiently great under the most favorable circumstances.

LITTLE DAUGHTER (Danville, Pa.,) writes: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, my attention was attracted by your answers to correspondents, and wishing to obtain some information, I determined to consult you. No doubt you will find my questions very tedious and foolish, but I beg forbearance. 1st, How would it do to have a piano restrung? The wood is good, but the strings are too light. Would the piano be good? What would be the probable cost? Could it be done at home? Could any pianist do it? And will you recommend one? 2d. Can you give me a good English translation of the phrase 'Auf Wiedersehen?' Who is the author of the Sculptor Boy's Vision? 4th, In going to church—at a wedding, I mean—do all the invited guests ride? Can you advise me what to do in the following case? A friend obtained a trinket of mine to wear for a short time. Before he saw me again he was drowned, and I have reason to believe his mother has the jewel. I do not care for the jewel on account of its own value, but I would like to have it for remembrance. Would there be any impropriety in writing to his mother, stating the case and asking for a return? I hope to have an early response, and beg pardon for length." Of course you can have your piano restrung; but considering the cost, and the possibility that it would be no better for the change, you might find it best to replace it by a new one. To know whether it is worth the expense and what that expense will be, you will need to consult a piano manufacturer, who can best give you the information you desire on this and the other points mentioned. 2d. Auf Wiedersehen has no exactly corresponding phrase in English. It has the same meaning as the French *Au Revoir*, "Till we meet again." 3d. We do not know the poem (if it is a poem) you refer to. 4th. It depends very much on circumstances. The distance and the weather, for instance; and whether or not the guests are all in full dress. In answer to your last question, it does not appear to us that there would be any special impropriety in writing to the mother, provided you allow a reasonable time after the gentleman's death to elapse before writing, and that you couch your letter in terms of proper respect and consideration.

PETROLEUM (Niagara, N. Y.,) writes: "Is there any coal oil in Canada? If there is, will you please give me a description of the localities and of the history of Canadian oil mining?" Canada is not without its oil wells, and has not escaped the infection of the oil fever. The oil district is situated in the county of Lambton, which is separated from Michigan by the St. Croix River. The excitement attending its discovery was as intense as the Pennsylvania oil fever. Villages sprang up on every side—land was sold at fabulous prices—"Wild Cat" oil companies everywhere organized, and the people generally victimized. The inevitable crash came with the Pentha invasion, and large numbers of speculators were ruined. Within a year or two past the oil business is reviving—and the production of oil has become encouraging. Petrolia, the centre of the oil dist is prolific [illegible]

[illegible] writes: "I was in the meaning of Lazarone, and who are they? Please favor me with an answer, and I will consider it a great favor." The Lazzaroni are the street inhabitants of Naples, a mob of lazy vagabonds who have no dwellings or regular business, but pass their time sauntering about the streets, and sleep at night under the shade of porches, or wherever they can find shelter. The name comes from the hospital of St. Lazarus, which was built for the destitute inhabitants of Naples. They are said to have formerly numbered thirty or forty thousand, and in 1647 Masaniello, by the aid of this vagabond mob, successful in accomplishing his revolution, and overturning the existing government.

BIBLIUS (York, Pa.) writes: "I have often been puzzled to know why so many words are in italics in the Bible, and usually words that give no special force to the sentence. By informing me of the meaning of this custom you will confer some desired information." They are obliged to be used on account of the differences between the Hebrew and the English. These italicised words supply gaps in the original, which the translators were obliged to fill up with extra words, in order to make the meaning more full and clear. These insertions have in most cases been made with judgment, though in some cases they are considered to give a wrong meaning to the passage. But as they are not in the original, every one has the privilege of questioning these words.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Ans.—Because he's an ass.

☞ What do you always do before you go to sleep? Ans.—Shut your eyes.

☞ Why is love like a Scotch plaid Ans.—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

☞ What is the only thing that can live on fire? Ans.—A live coal.

☞ Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to scratch for a living.

☞ What is the difference between a town and its people? Ans.—It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

☞ What proof have we that Noah navigated an American river? Ans.—Because he was on the Ark an' saw (Arkansaw.)

☞ The following is the most extraordinary complicated conundrum ever invented:

1. It is stated on the authority of Dr. Bomagine, of Nuremberg, that a Swiss peasant, who had taken shelter under a tree during a storm, was struck by lightning, and that a *fac simile* of the tree was photographed, as it where, upon the body.

2. Herman Melville, in his works on life in the Sandwich Islands, refers to the practice of the natives in ornamenting their bodies by pricking in with fish-bones dark fluids in regular shapes.

Query:—How does the first exceed the second, and why is the first like a drummer? Because it beats the tattoo.

☞ In the case of a house burning down, why could not the piano be saved? Ans.—Because the engine couldn't play upon it.

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL A FOWL, No. 1.—Boil a pound of salt pork for half an hour after changing the water the last time, then put in a fowl with the pork, boil gently until tender, and serve with plain drawn butter.

BOILED FOWL, No. 2. After the fowl is prepared, fill the body with a dressing of bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper, salt and butter. Put it in just enough water to cover it well, and stew gently until tender; serve with drawn butter.

FRICASSEE PARSNIPS.—Cut the parsnips in chunks about two inches square, or as near square as convenient, boil until tender in salted water, skim them out, and brown gently in butter; when nearly brown, dust over them some flour, and let it brown, but not burn. Take them from the spider, and add to the butter a little of the water in which they were boiled; if there is not sufficient butter in the spider to form a gravy, add more; if not as thick as brown gravies usually are, add a little flour mixed, free from lumps, in a very little of the water from the parsnips, stir it in, and pour the gravy over them.

STEWED BEANS.—Soak them over night in soft water; put them, after breakfast, in enough water to cover them; when it boils, skim out the beans, empty the water, and put them on again; proceed as before; and in the next water, parboil a piece of salt pork, according to the quantity of beans, say a pound to one quart of beans; when this water has boiled ten minutes, change it again, and boil the pork and beans together until tender; the water should all be evaporated before dishing the beans.

BAKED BEANS.—These are prepared as above, and then set in the oven in a dripping-pan, to brown. Most persons lay the pork in the middle of the beans to crisp; but a better plan is to bake it on a separate dish. The pork should be nicely gashed before baking.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter and two of white sugar beat to a cream; beat five eggs as lightly as possible, and stir them in the cake, stir in four teacups of sifted flour, grate in a little nutmeg, dissolve a very small teaspoonful of soda in as little hot water as possible, and strain in the cake, stir it in, and add lastly a teacup of sour cream, stirred in as quickly and lightly as possible; bake immediately.

DELICATE CAKE, No. 1.—One pound pulverized loaf-sugar, and one pound of sweet butter free from salt and water, worked with the sugar to a light cream; one teaspoonful extract of lemon, and the same of vanilla, the whites of twenty eggs beat stiff, and lastly, one pound of flour stirred in lightly; bake immediately in round pans, and frost it before cold; the frosting, if flavored, should have the same extracts as the cake; it should not be cut fresh.

DELICATE CAKE, No. 2.—Three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pound of pulverized loaf sugar, the whites of sixteen eggs beat stiff, and one pound of flour. Put together as No 1.

SODA DELICATE, No. 3.—One pound of pulverized sugar, half a pound of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs put together as in No. 1, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of sweet cream, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with a pound of flour. Add the soda and cream just before baking. Bake as soon as possible, in a quick oven.